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COMFORT.

BY A. Y. R.

If there should come a time, as well there may,
When sudden tribulation smites thine heart,
And thou dost come to me for help, and stay,
And comfort—how shall I perform my part?
How shall I make my heart a resting place,
A shelter safe for thee when terrors smite?
How shall I bring the sunshine to thy face,
And dry thy tears in bitter woe's despite?
How shall I win the strength to keep my voice
Steady and firm, although I hear thy sobs?
How shall I bid thy fainting soul rejoice,
Nor mar the counsel of mine own heart throbs?
Love, my love teaches me a certain way,
So, if thy dark hour come, I am thy stay.

I must live higher, nearer to the reach
Of angels in their blessed truthfulness,
Learn their unselfishness, ere I can teach
Content to thee, whom I would greatly bless.
Ah! what woe were mine if thou shouldst come,
Troubled, but trusting, unto me for aid,
And I should meet thee, powerless and dumb,
Willing to help thee, but confused, afraid!
It shall not happen thus, for I will rise,
God helping me, to higher life, and gain
Courage and strength to give thee counsel wise,
And deeper love to bless thee in thy pain.
Fear not, dear love, thy trial hour shall be
The dearest bond between my heart and thee.

SAVED FROM THE WATERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'CECIL'S MISTAKE,' ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER II.—(CONTINUED)

"DICK, are you going to sleep?" said the sweet young voice, with its ring of glad melody. "What is the direction for this letter—Mr. Dereham's? There is nothing given on it but 'Axminster.'"

"Dereham's!" said Dick, rousing with a start. "Oh, yes, 'Axminster' will find him! Thanks very much, little woman; you have been a great help to me."

"I am so glad, Dick," she replied, with a bright look up at him, as she closed the writing-case she had been using, and put away the pen and sealing wax with a dainty neatness which his masculine tidiness admired greatly.

"Had not you better write just one more while your hand is in, Marjy?" he asked, smiling.

"One more? Yes, if you like. Who is it to?" she said, pausing.

"To Messrs. Marshall & Snellgrove," he replied, smiling again, "to order your blue dress for Mrs. Alford's party."

"That is much too important a matter to be written without consideration," said Marjory seriously. "There are lots of things to be thought of, Mr. Richard. Material, style, *façon*, trimmings, all must be well considered—besides the length of my purse: and you know I have had a new habit and a waterproof this quarter."

"That hideous ulster," said Dick laughing, as he took the seat at the devonport she had just vacated and opened one of the drawers. "I will give you double its value not to wear it again, Marjy!"

"Well, I don't say that it is pretty," pouted Marjory; "but it is useful and very stylish. Never wear it again, a real ulster from Ulster House? How absurd you are, Mr. Dick! All Druroe envies that garment of mine."

"All Druroe?" queried Dick, lifting his eyebrows.

"I mean the population."

"Male or female?" said Dick again, with the utmost seriousness.

"You are provoking!" cried Marjory, half laughing, half vexed. "It is a perfect coat, take it all in all."

"And even it has not quite so many pockets or buttons as Mrs. Alford's," said Richard Beresford, smiling, "nor such large checks as her friend Miss McKay's."

"Do you really dislike my wearing it, Dick?" asked Marjory, "It is so comfortable."

"Wear it by all means, my pretty child," he said, smiling. "You must not mind what an old-fashioned fogy like myself thinks about it. Even an ulster can't spoil our Marjory," he added, as he took her face between his hands, and kissed her white brow, looking into the bright blue eyes which met his so frankly. "There is a check for Messrs. Marshall & Snellgrove, little sister; and be sure you make yourself as pretty as you can, and as like a Gainsborough blue girl as possible. And now," he continued, stopping Marjy's thanks, "don't lie awake dreaming of balls and garden-parties; but get as much beauty-sleep as you can, and be ready for a good long ride with me to Penzance and back to-morrow. Good-night, my sunshine."

"Good night, dear, dear Dick. You are the dearest old brother in England."

"Am I? So much the better. Good-night."

CHAPTER III.

"YOU are late, Marjory," said Mrs. Alford, coming forward on the velvety green sward to greet her favorite. "How are you, Mr. Beresford? And what does this child look like—a blue bell, or a forget-me-not?"

Mrs. Alford was a handsome girl—she was little more than a girl, although there was a pretty little boy of three years who called her "mamma"—tall and slender, fair and stately, kindly too, and as yet unspoiled by pleasure and the gay life she had led since her marriage.

At his father's death Charles Alford who had been Dick Beresford's great chum during their boyish days, had found himself the owner, not only of a handsome property, totally unencumbered, but of an unusually large fortune; and his first act, as soon as the mourning for his father was over—it had been but outward mourning, for Mr Alford had never tried to win his son's esteem or affection—had been to marry this beautiful penniless maiden, whom he loved most tenderly, and who regarded him with almost equal affection.

It had been a great change to Isabel Alford to queen it as mistress of Alford Hall. She had come there fresh from a crowded parsonage, where, as the oldest of seven boys and girls, she had been expected to make herself useful in many ways; and she had brought to her husband a warm true heart, a quick but sweet temper, and an inexhaustible flow of spirits, which was a great boon to Charlie Alford, whose early education and gloomy boyhood had made him rather grave, taciturn and reserved.

Alford Hall was a fine old house standing in well-kept, but not remarkably extensive grounds. The lawn, in itself a marvel for size and beauty, faced the drawing room windows, which opened to the ground, thus enabling the guests to walk in and out at will. The lawn was dotted here and there with trees, which separated it as it were into several compartments, and permitted the different games provided for the visitors, without interfering with each other. At the right side of the house there was a lovely quaint old-fashioned flower garden, and a second smaller lawn which sloped down to a little rippling stream crossed by an ornamental bridge.

Mr. Alford's grounds presented a fair sight on the afternoon of this garden-party which Marjy had looked forward to with such intense eagerness, dotted as they were with living, walking, and talking flowers—for the ladies' dresses consisted of all kinds of wonderful gauzy fabrics, of every imaginable bright and delicate hue.

It was a hot afternoon, sultry almost, out of the shade of those grand old beech trees, but apparently not too hot for lawn tennis, Badminton and croquet; for, as Marjory and Dick crossed the lawn to salute their hostess, these games were going on with unabated vigor. In the distance a gay marquee with flattering flags and cushioned seats, looked temptingly cool and comfortable; and a band was playing some gay French opera tune in keeping with the festive scene.

Marjory's blue eyes glittered with joyful excitement, as she stood for a moment by Mrs. Alford, surveying the scene, so new and strange to her, and she thought how bright and gay it was, and what a beautiful world she lived in; and the girl's heart was full of a gay song of youth and happiness, which flushed her fair cheeks and parted the little red lips in a pleasant smile.

"What does she look like, Mr. Beresford," said Mrs. Alford, looking at Marjory very critically—"a blue bell or a forget-me-not?"

"A blue bird," answered Dick, smiling—"something very unlike herself, Mrs. Alford, I think."

"But something very charming," said Isabel Alford, smiling.

Mrs. Alford was looking so pretty herself in her dainty pearl gray robes, with a touch of rose color here and there, that she could afford to perceive and admire the little *debutante* as she stood there smiling and blushing, with all kinds of flashes of light and shade flecking over her through the foliage of the beech trees, looking, as Mrs. Alford said, very charming.

Marjory was dressed from head to foot in blue, a faint, delicate shade of blue, which fell around her in soft fleecy folds and lay on the velvety turf. Her hat was a "Gainsborough," lined and turned up with the same blue as her dress, and ornamented with a long drooping blue feather. Her dress was perfect in style and taste; and, as Dick said, she looked quite unlike the white robed quiet little damsel she usually was. She looked older, increased in beauty; and she moved with a pretty blushing grace and shyness which told Dick Beresford that she was not unaware of the change.

"Who chose your dress, Marjy? It suits you to perfection, and you have not sufficient vanity to have known that it would do so. Never wear anything but that blue if you want to look well," added Mrs. Alford, smiling.

"Dick chose it," said Marjory simply. "I am so glad you like it, Belle."

"I must compliment you on your taste, Mr. Beresford," said Mrs. Alford. "Ah, here comes Captain Lemaine, Marjy!"

The young officer—the same tall young man who had escorted Marjory home across the moor—came forward eagerly, his face radiant, his eyes speaking his admiration and Dick Beresford noticed rather closely Marjory's answer to his eager greeting.

She gave him her hand, smiling and lifting her blue eyes to his in a quiet unembarassed way, and, if Harry Lemaine held the little gloved hand in his rather longer than usual, the girl was too unsophisticated to notice it, and replied to his question with the most perfect *sang froid*, which any London belle might have emulated.

"No, thank you, Captain Lemaine, I am not going to play tennis. It is too warm, and I want to see the people. How pretty the music is!"

"Shall I find you a comfortable seat?" said the young man. "Will you trust yourself to my guidance, Miss Beresford and you will see what a good sicerone I will be?"

The two young people walked away together, while Dick's attention was claimed by Mrs. Alford, who wanted to show him some shooting in the archery-grounds. As they walked across the lawn, Richard Beresford turned once, and that glance showed him a dainty, blue robed girl sitting in a low cane chair, with the sunlight in her hair, while at her feet on the soft grass sat Harry Lemaine talking and laughing gaily, both looking perfectly well matched and satisfied with each other.

"So this is your first party, Miss Beresford?" Harry Lemaine was saying, as he sat at Marjory's feet and looked up into her face with honest admiration stamped on his own. "You must enjoy it immensely. I suppose you have promised all your dances? Have you kept one for me?"

"I am not engaged for any," said Marjy innocently. "I don't know any one here, Captain Lemaine, except the Thornes."

"Don't you really? I am selfish enough to rejoice at it. But you won't be able to say it very long. Half the people here were already inquiring who you were when I saw you."

"Really? You are laughing at me, Captain Lemaine. It is very unkind of you to make fun of my ignorance."

"I?" protested the young officer. "I would not dare to do so, even if I wished. How many dances may I hope for to-night, Miss Beresford?"

"As many as you like," said Marjory a little absently. "Who is that young lady in maize who is playing lawn-tennis so well?"

"That young lady in maize? Oh, Lady Ellen Daley!" he replied carelessly. "But don't give me too much latitude, Miss Beresford, or I may impose upon your kindness. It is a terrible temptation."

"I mean what I say, Captain Lemaine," said Marjy, with a little deepening rose color. "I shall be happy to dance with you. She is very handsome, is she not?" she went on, as the young man thanked her rapturously.

"Who—Lady Ellen? Yes, she is very handsome for a brunette."

"Don't you admire brunettes?" said the girl simply, unconscious that she was treading on dangerous ground and opening the way to a series of compliments, which however her companion admired her too sincerely to bestow.

"Not so much as blondes," he answered, smiling.

"I think dark eyes most beautiful," said Miss Beresford very decidedly, thinking of a pair of velvety dark eyes which could be so tender and caressing for all the smile in their depths.

"Do you?" he answered again smiling.

Marjory's simplicity and downrightness, were most refreshing after the general run of self possessed young ladies to which the young officer was accustomed.

"I think they may be very beautiful sometimes; but they cannot be as beautiful as some blue ones I have seen. Do you see," he went on after a pause, during which Marjory watched Lady Ellen's graceful figure as she wielded her tennis-racket with the utmost skill and coolness, and Harry Lemaine watched the fair face under the big Gainsborough hat—"do you see, Miss Beresford, that I have not forgotten which you told me was your favorite flower?"

As he spoke he touched a beautiful Gloire de Dijon rose which he wore in his buttonhole; and Marjory, looking down, blushed a little.

"I see," she returned, smiling. "I think you ought to give me one to-day, Captain Lemaine, in exchange for the one I gave you the other evening."

"Will you let me get you one?" he said, starting up eagerly. "Will you wear it if I do? I will bring you one if you will excuse me for a minute."

But Henry Lemaine had not acted with his usual discretion when he left Marjory alone, even for that short time which he required to go to the rose house for the Gloire de Dijon, for, when he returned, he found that Mrs. Alford had taken possession of her, and was introducing a party of her male and female visitors. Before he could get to her side she had been carried off to a game of tennis; and, as he reached the copper beech under which they had been sitting, he saw Marjory with the prettiest grace imaginable "serving" a ball over the net, with her trailing blue draperies gathered up daintily. He stood watching a little discontentedly. She had refused to play when he had asked her, he thought with some vexation, and now she was playing with Lord Ronald Daley with as much *entrain* as if it had been a cold December day, instead of a hot July afternoon. Harry Lemaine chose to think himself aggrieved; and he stood a little without the limits of the lawn-tennis courts, a tall erect figure, with gloomy gray eyes.

He was not the only watcher. Not many yards from him, leaning his back against the trunk of the copper beech, listening to and answering Charles Alford half absently, was Richard Beresford, whose eyes also rarely left the graceful girlish form, with its misty fleecy azure skirts. He saw how bright and animated she looked, how the blue eyes sparkled and the red lips smiled; and sometimes in the pauses of the music

the sweet silvery laugh reached his ears. He noticed too Harry's gloomy countenance and evident annoyance, and felt inclined to smile thereat—to smile at Marjory's conquest, and her complete unconsciousness of it—his pretty innocent child!

But was she so unconscious? It appeared so, for, as the game proceeded, she seemed to give her entire attention to it, and met Lord Ronald's advances with the most perfect indifference; but, as soon as the triumphant word "Game!" was shouted, after a rather obstinate 'vantage tussle, Dick saw that Marjory threw down her mallet and turned instantly, with a bright sudden smile, to the dissatisfied young man without the court, and held out her little hand for the creamy rose he held. His brow cleared as if by magic; and, when she fastened the flower in her waistband and thanked him; it would have been difficult to recognize in the radiant face the gloomy one of the minute before.

Somehow Dick Beresford did not feel quite so satisfied at the conclusion of that game of lawn-tennis as he had been at its commencement; and Mr. Alford wondered what had come to his friend, he was so absent minded.

What did they mean—the smile, the outstretched hand, the soft thanks? Dick Beresford asked himself. Did they mean that Marjory was willing to take the gifts Lemaine seemed so willing to proffer? Did they mean that soon the sunshine would be taken away from Penfern, and go to brighten another home?

The shadows lengthened; the sun began slowly to disappear, illumining the landscape with a long, last, lingering brilliance ere it left the earth; the panes in the drawing-room windows were beginning to blaze; the band was playing soft dreamy melodies now.

Mrs. Alford's guests were resting after their labors, and recruiting strength for supper, and the dance to follow.

The lawn was covered with scattered groups sitting in various attitudes of weariness and rest—groups of four and five, and not a few consisting but of two persons.

On the terrace white figures and some darker forms were pacing up and down; parasols had been put aside, but fans were softly fluttering to and fro; the scent of the flowers rose heavily on the soft air; and in the distance the lights of Druroe were beginning to flicker dimly.

There was something dreamy and romantic about the scene which touched Marjory's impressionable nature. She was sitting on the trunk of a tree down by the little streamlet, with Harry Lemaine stretched at her feet. He was talking half languidly, half sentimentally; and Marjory was listening absently, not understanding, not heeding what he said; he might have been speaking some foreign language, he might have been repeating to her the words of that dreamy air of Verdi's which came to them so softly and sweetly through the trees, for all the girl knew or cared. She would have preferred him to be silent; to the girl's romantic ideas it would have seemed more in harmony with the hour. She was weary perhaps, and the reaction after her afternoon's excitement was coming on. She felt almost saddened; tired out with pleasure as she was, it seemed as if some gray dim shadow was coming over all things around and about her. The gay song which her heart had been singing a few hours before had died away, and the after melody was a wee bit pathetic and mournful.

The girl was very charming in this softened mood, and Harry Lemaine's heart was beating rather more quickly than usual, when some one brought him a summons from Mrs. Alford; and, with an apology and a scarcely repressed exclamation of annoyance, he was obliged to go.

For a few moments Marjory was alone, wondering dreamily at the half pleasure, half pain stirring at her heart. Long months afterwards she remembered that scene clearly and could have recalled its every moment, its every incident, with perfect fidelity. Even the great and complete change in her life which followed upon it did not obliterate its smallest particulars; but what she recollected most perfectly then was the strange new feeling of unrest and incompleteness which lasted until a tall dark figure came striding down the bank and seated himself on the fallen tree by her side.

Marjory slid her hand into his with a softly spoken "Dick!" and, as the strong palm closed over the little fingers, the sense of unrest fled away, and there was no longer any incompleteness in the soft evening hush and stillness.

"You are very happy, little girl?" said Dick softly after a pause.

"I have never been so happy in my life, I think," she answered. "It seems all too lovely to be real, Dick."

Then came supper or dinner, whichever Mrs. Alford chose to call the sumptuous repast served in the long old-fashioned dining-room, on the ancient massive silver dishes which had been for so many years hidden from the light of day, and of which she did the honors so gracefully and well.

Harry Lemaine had taken Marjory in and was sitting beside her now, attending with the utmost gallantry and devotion to all her wants. Dick Beresford was lower down on the opposite side with Lady Ellen Daley, who looked very handsome and animated. The ladies had removed their hats and bonnets; but this was the only change they would be able to make for the festivities of the evening. Lady Ellen had a bit of scarlet geranium in her dark hair, and Marjory had a blue ribbon and a Gloire de Dijon rose, which she had fastened in her soft tresses at Captain Lemaine's request. The girl's mood had changed again with the bright lights and noise and bustle; her languor and sentimentality had vanished, and she was laughing gaily with her cavalier, who was hourly sinking deeper and deeper into her toils and thinking that he had never seen anything more charming than this girl, who was so perfectly natural and unaffected, so irresistibly bewitching.

After supper there was dancing, and Captain Lemaine soon came to the same opinion to which Monsieur Petipas had come about Marjory's dancing. Her waltzing was perfection, and she enjoyed it so heartily—not with the languid enjoyment of the partners to whom he was accustomed in the gay world, but with all the *entrain* and gaiety of a happy child.

Dick Beresford and Lady Ellen were among the "wall flowers;" but as they sat together, chatting and talking gaily, they seemed quite satisfied to be so.

Dick had owned his ignorance of the accomplishment of dancing, and Lady Ellen, who was more at home in the hunting field than in the ball room, and cared more for horses than waltzes, was only too glad to have found a kindred spirit; and when, after a time, a gentleman claimed the fulfilment of her promise of a quadrille, Dick consoled himself with one of the Misses Thorne, the Rector's daughters, with whom the Beresfords were on sufficiently intimate terms.

But all pleasant things must have an end; and Mrs. Alford's party was no exception to the rule. Very reluctantly it broke up at last, and there was a good deal of cloaking and wrapping and flirting, and of lingering farewell-saying.

"Good night, Belle. It has been, oh, such a happy day!" said Marjory, as Captain Lemaine folded her white shawl around her.

"I am so glad to hear you say that," he whispered softly, as he put her into the carriage.

"Good-night, old fellow," said Charles Alford to his old friend. "Good-night, Marjory."

"Good-night, Charlie. Good-night, Mrs. Alford," answered Richard Beresford, as he took his seat by Marjory's side.

"Good night, Miss Beresford," said Harry Lemaine, and Marjory looked up at him and nodded and smiled; and Belle Alford smiled to herself as she saw how the young man stood there still, some minutes after the carriage, with the fair smiling face framed in the shadow, had driven away and was out of sight.

CHAPTER IV.

"HAS Marjory returned, father?" asked Dick Beresford, putting his head in at the dining room door one afternoon, about a month after the garden-party at Alford.

"Not yet. Do you want her?" answered his father, glancing up from his book for a moment.

"Yes. Send her to me as soon as she comes in."

"Very well. Is there anything wrong, Dick?"

"Wrong, father?" repeated Dick, coming into the room, and forcing a little laugh. "What makes you think so?"

"Your voice, lad. What is it?" was the quiet reply, as Mr. Beresford pushed up his spectacles and glanced at his son, whose face was very pale and grave, notwithstanding his forced gaiety.

"Nothing really wrong," replied the young man. "Pater, are you ready to surrender our sunshine?"

"Already!" exclaimed Mr. Beresford, in a startled voice. "I feared it might be so, but not so soon as this."

"I have had a letter," said Dick, in a cold hard tone—"a letter from Captain Lemaine, asking us for Marjory."

"Has she accepted him then?" asked the elder.

"That I cannot quite gather," Dick answered. "I am not *au fait* in this kind of thing, father; but I imagine, from what he says, that he has some reason to believe that his application will not be displeasing to her. It is a straightforward, frank letter, and he evidently loves her deeply. Read it, father."

Mr. Beresford took the letter; and, while he unfolded and read it, Dick, with sternly set lips and very grave face, looked moodily into the fire.

Mr. Beresford read the letter in silence, and handed it back to his son; a minute's pause ensued.

"It is, as you say, a manly, straightforward letter, judging from it, he loves her very dearly."

"Not judging from it alone," said Dick rather hoarsely. "He has never tried to disguise his interest in her since he first came to Alford."

"I have never heard anything of him but good," went on Mr. Beresford musingly. "Dick, if the child loves him, we must be content to give her to him. He will take good care of her and make her happy, never fear."

Dick Beresford left the fireside and crossed over to the window, answering nothing. As he stood there, a pretty roan mare came quickly up the drive, passing round to the stables at the back of the house. Her rider was a girl in a gray habit, with a deep crimson rose in her breast. With a stifled moan—stifled, but a moan nevertheless—he turned from the window and left the room.

In a few moments Marjory came into the dining-room, still in her hat and habit, looking a little flushed and blown about by her long ride.

"Have you had a pleasant ride, Marjy?" said Mr. Beresford, looking up at her with his usual fond smile. He was very fond of Marjory: but she was not to him what she was to Dick.

"Yes, very pleasant, father. The mare went beautifully. I have brought the letters from Druroe. There are several for Dick. Where is he?"

"In the library, Marjy. He was here a minute ago, asking for you."

"Asking for me?" she said, looking up with sudden interest and a little start. "Did he want me?"

"Yes, particularly. He asked me to send you to him at once," said Robert Beresford, looking at her with grave interest as he drew her towards him and kissed her cheek. "Go to him, Marjory. Heaven bless you, my child!"

The color flushed up into the girl's face, then faded, leaving her very white. There was too much significance in his tone for her to misunderstand him, and perhaps her conscience caused her to guess at his business with her. She stood still a moment; then, gathering up the letters she had brought, she turned away slowly, and left the room.

The library at Penfern House was a most unpretending apartment, and the especial sanctum of the "young master," as the servants and farmers around still called Dick. The walls were lined with soberly-bound volumes, which he never opened; but he had one especial shelf devoted to Charles Dickens and Thackeray. At the desk he wrote letters and kept his accounts; and in the library he received the bailiff and transacted all the farm business. It was by no means an orderly sitting room: the desk-table was a perfect chaos of littered papers and books, a hunting whip was thrown carelessly on a chair, a meerschaum pipe decorated the mantelpiece, Dick's hat and gloves were on separate chairs, and Marjory's big garden hat with its bright blue ribbon occupied a prominent position on the couch.

When the young girl entered, Dick was sitting in the elbow chair by the desk, apparently very busily employed sorting some papers. He glanced up for moment only; and, if Marjory's golden lashes had not hidden him from her sight, she would have seen that his face was white as her own.

Poor Dick! Harry Lemaine's letter had made him face the truth at last; he had tested now the genuineness of his fraternal affection for Marjory. It could bear the test no longer. His was no brotherly fondness, but the one passionate love of his manhood, the love of a lifetime.

"Do you want me, Dick?" the girl said timidly.

"Yes," he replied briefly, in a cold constrained tone.

"I have brought the letters," she went on, laying them on the table at his side. "Such a number, Dick—eight or nine!"

"Are there so many?" he said carelessly. "Will you sit down, Marjy? I have something to say to you."

"I would rather stand," she answered, in a low ill assured tone as she rested her elbow on the mantelpiece and her head on her hand.

"Will you kindly read this letter I received this afternoon?" he said steadily, handing her the letter which Robert Beresford had perused a few minutes before. He put out his hand with the letter, without rising from his seat or turning to her.

Marjory took it, read it through slowly; then her hand, with the letter still between her fingers, sank heavily at her side.

"The purport of this letter does not surprise you?" he pursued.

"No."

"You knew I should receive it?" said Dick quickly.

"No."

"You guessed it though?"

"Yes."

There was a few minutes' silence; the girl's lip was trembling ominously, and her heart throbbed passionately under the tight-fitting gray habit.

Dick did not turn his face to her; but his hands were still now, and the papers on the table lay untouched.

"I think it is the letter of an honest man, good and true," he said at length. "Not only that, but I believe it to be the letter"—he steadied his voice a little here—"of a man who loves you."

A caught breath and a little shiver were the only answers.

"Such a letter from such a man requires a prompt answer," went on Dick steadily. "It will not be kind to keep him in suspense, Marjy; and I have sent for you to ask you what answer I shall give him from you. I believe him to be worthy of any affection he may have won," said he again, finding Marjory was silent. "And my own answer must depend on yours. I think, my child, that, dear as you are to us—dear as your happiness must be to us now and always—we can trust you to him, if you return his affection."

The golden head had sunk until the fair face was hidden by one little trembling hand; but Marjory made no answer; and there was another silence.

"Well, dear," Dick said at last, speaking very quietly, "must I write and make him very happy by telling him that he does not love in vain?"

He looked up now for the first time during the interview, and, seeing the girl's attitude, rose hastily and went to her side.

"What is it, Marjy?" he said tenderly. "I have startled you by my abruptness. Forgive me, dear child. I am but a rough boor at best. I have made you afraid of me," he added sorrowfully. "Foolish little girl, you know that no one on earth holds your happiness more dearly than I do! Are you afraid to tell me how much you care for him, pretty one? Do you think I have been blind all these weeks, Marjy? Do you suppose I think so meanly of my little sister as to imagine her capable of trifling with the affections of any man—of the baseness of flirting?"

"Dick," she cried suddenly, as if in pain, trembling violently from head to foot, "Dick—don't—you hurt me!"

Dick Beresford put his arm round her gently and drew her to him, blaming himself for his awkwardness, as he felt how the slight frame trembled with agitation. He felt to the inmost core of that strong tender heart of his that, if ever a girl needed a mother's love and sympathy, it was at such a crisis as this. He had no doubt of Marjy's love for Captain Lemaine; but he understood the shrinking timidity which concealed that love; and, with a strong effort controlling his own pain, he set himself to reassure and soothe the young girl.

"And so I must write and tell him he shall have our sunshine?" said Dick a little huskily when the sobs had partly ceased, and Marjory stood quietly with her head resting against him and his arm round her still. "After the last few weeks, I guessed that would be the only answer he would be likely to receive. Shall I write so, Marjy?"

"I suppose so," said the girl faintly.

They were the first words, except that passionate "Dick, you hurt me!" which passed her lips, and the acquiescence made Dick set his teeth together for a moment. For a moment a passionate feeling of resentment against Harry Lemaine rose in his heart—for a moment only; then a gentler feeling came for the man Marjory loved.

"May you be very happy, my dear little girl!" he said, bending over her and touching her forehead with his lips, as he gently put her out of his arms. "Now, dear, I must send you away. I have to write to this fortunate young man to put him out of his pain."

There was an attempt at gaiety in this little speech which Marjory was too agitated to notice.

"I think you had better go and lie down until dinner time Marjy," he went on, seeing how the girl drooped. "All this has agitated and upset you, and you must be looking your best and brightest this evening, as I dare say we shall have some visitors, or at any rate"—smiling—"one visitor."

"Let me stay here," said Marjory faintly. "I will be very quiet, Dick. Don't send me away."

"Of course not, if you prefer to stay," he said at once, drawing forward a deep old leathern chair, and putting her into it. "There, lie there, my child, and imagine the joy with which my letter will be received!"

As he turned away the girl caught at the tender hand, and rested her lips upon it with passionate vehemence.

The action almost upset his composure, and, as he went back to the desk, his face was white and drawn with pain. As he wrote, Marjory could not see his face, which he carefully averted from her; but she watched him with fascinated attention. The letter was evidently a short one, but it required care in its composition; for it was some little time before Dick Beresford had completed it, and put it into the envelope, and sealed and directed it, then he turned to her with a smile—he hardly guessed how sad a smile it was.

"Oh, Dick, must I? Do you think I must?" cried out Marjory, with a ring of passionate pain in her broken voice. "Do you think I must?"

Dick looked at her in astonishment, which for a moment absorbed every other feeling. The girl was white as death, and trembling in every limb, and the blue eyes were dark with trouble, the pale lips quivering so that it was with difficulty she spoke.

"What is the meaning of this?" he said, speaking almost harshly in the agitation of the moment.

"Oh, Dick, do not be angry!" she sobbed, as she sprang up and clasped her hands entreatingly on his arm. "I will marry him if you think I must. I will do whatever you think I ought."

"Am I to understand that you do not love

him?" said Dick, controlling himself with a great effort, which made his voice sound hard and cold.

"Yes," came from the girl's pale lips, as her head sank on his and rested there for a few minutes of utter silence.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LOVE.

BY M. C. B.

'Tis the sun, o'er field and meadow shining,
That doth new life impart,
And fill with joy the heart,
Mist o'er earthly sorrows much repining.

'Tis a flower, in the spring time blooming,
Ere the canker-work of grief
Hath touched its new blown leaf,
Unto fell destruction cruelly dooming.

'Tis a precious gem, whose brilliant light,
Though darkness may enshroud,
Or heavy shadows cloud,
Still ever through that darkness shines most bright.

'Tis a dream that is dreamt in early youth,
Of joy and happiness,
Ere life's harsh trials impress
Upon the brow the marks of care and ruth.

But the sun must set, and the flower die,
Shattered may be the gem,
Or darkly fled the dream,
While love sincere can every change defy.

Buying a Husband.

BY C. M. C.

STRANGE! what can this mean? Is this a stupendous fraud, trick, or what?" And Dr. Pomeroy stared almost vacantly at the closely written sheet he held in his hand. He read:—

"DR. POMEROY.—

"I will apologize for that which I am about to ask of you. I am not acquainted with you, nor you with me. Indeed, we have never yet seen each other. Nevertheless, I am about to request you to do me a favor. Will you come to South Street Church to-morrow, at eight o'clock? Come privately, unattended, and never repeat that which takes place there. Will you give me, a stranger, a lawful claim to your name, and yet not to seek to know whom you marry? If you will do so, I will make over to you fifty thousand dollars, payable to your order, as soon as the ceremony is over. Trusting that the money will be a temptation, I shall anxiously await you at the appointed time."

That was all. There was no signature—nothing to give any clue to the author's address or abode.

"I will not go—I will not be fooled!" he said to himself.

He flung the missive down, then took it up again, folded it carefully, and thrust it in his pocket.

He remembered that he had a patient to visit, and went out; but everywhere the contents of that strange letter were ringing in his ears. He then went to see his mother. She was suffering even more than usual, and a number of dunning bills had been left for him—bills which he had not the most remote idea how he was to meet.

"Poverty is a curse, mother," he groaned. "I do not know which way to turn."

She tried to cheer him, but in vain. Everywhere he turned, hopeless ruin seemed to envelope him.

"Ah, if that letter were only real!" he thought. "Fifty thousand dollars would make me rich."

And so he fretted and worried until the appointed hour came—one moment vowing he would not go near the place, the next tempted to see the "farce" out.

Eight o'clock found him stealing in. He saw two ladies closely veiled, and a gentleman, standing in the upper part of the building, while a minister sat in a chair. There was but one gas jet lighted, and he could just distinguish the forms. As soon as he entered, the gentleman spoke to one of the ladies, and then she advanced to meet him.

"Are you Doctor Pomeroy?" she asked, in a low tone.

"I am."

She led him to where the gentleman stood, and he extended his hand.

"How do you do, Pomeroy?" he said; and Pomeroy recognized in him a well-known banker.

"I am here by the request of this young lady," pointing to the one who had not moved or spoken, "to inform you that if you agree to her proposition, I am authorized to pay to your order the sum of fifty thousand dollars."

Pomeroy tried to speak, but his voice was choked. It was no fraud; it was reality. He stood motionless for a moment; then advanced and offered his arm to the silent lady. She took it without a quiver, and went with him to where the minister awaited them. The ceremony was quickly performed.

Doctor Pomeroy registered his name, and then looked with considerable curiosity at the bold, plain signature, "Ellen Latour," which his bride wrote down. The minister hastily filled in the certificate, which the maid and the banker signed as witnesses. The bride took it, kissed it, and thrust it in her bosom. One moment more, and the two glided away swiftly from sight.

Doctor Pomeroy wiped the perspiration from his brow, and then asked, "Who is she?"

"I do not know," said the minister; "but it is a perfectly legal marriage."

"And I," said the banker, "did not see the lady's face. She deposited the money with me, and requested my attendance here to assure you that her promise would be fulfilled."

The three men separated; the gas was turned out; the curtain fell on the first act.

The next day Pomeroy tried to realize what he had done. He had sold his name to the unknown woman, but that could not injure him, he thought.

"She must have been in deadly peril," he meditated, "to pay such an exorbitant price for a simple name."

He removed to a better house. Patients flocked to him—not needy, but aristocratic patients, now that he was a rich man.

* * * * * *

Five years had passed away, and he had gained a reputation, and added considerably to his banking account. He had been an indefatigable worker, and now felt that he needed rest for a while.

"We will take a trip abroad, mother," he said. "It will do you more good than you can imagine."

They travelled leisurely through the tour they had marked out before they started, and one evening found themselves in a French village. About the middle of the night the doctor was awakened by some one tapping at his door, and calling for him to come out.

He did so. He found the landlord, who told him that one of his countrymen had just fallen down stairs in a fit.

He went into an elegantly furnished room, where a man, some fifty years of age, was lying in a dying condition. A young lady sat near the bed fanning him. The doctor hastily examined the patient, and found that it was impossible for him to live; but that day passed and another before he drew his last breath. He never recovered consciousness.

The lady told Dr. Pomeroy that the deceased man was her father. His name was Eugene Sydenham, and she would like to have him buried where he died. They had been travelling for the benefit of his health, she went on to explain, and he was a widower. Her only remaining relative was a young sister who was being educated in the Convent of the Sacred Heart in Paris.

After Mr Sydenham was buried, Miss Sydenham went, under the care of the doctor and his mother, to Paris. She insisted upon their taking up their abode where she had apartments, and so not a day passed that she was not with Mrs. Pomeroy. The old lady became warmly attached to her, and talked dolefully to her son about the time when they would be separated.

Doctor Pomeroy watched her. At first he was very gallant, but at last began to be reserved and cold. A feeling he dared not cherish was growing in his heart, and it alarmed him.

Then, for the first time, he felt how heavy were the fetters he had forged for himself. She noticed the change, tried to beguile him to forget the grief he was evidently enduring; and at last, in a fit of desperation, he told her all.

"I am a married man!" he said, impetuously. "I love you, and so am free to love!"

She recoiled, but bade him tell her all. And, when she heard, said, "It was cruel, unkind of her, so to blind you."

"No, no," he ejaculated. "She saved me—she blessed me—and I shall always respect her. Never did my bonds hurt me until I met you. Now I shall be miserable for ever!"

"You may meet her."

"Impossible!"

"No, not impossible," she said, with a sorrowful look. "I know your Ellen Latour. She lives."

"You know her!"

"Yes; to-morrow I will introduce you to her. She is anxious to see you, knows you are here, and believed you loved me, and wondered if you would prove as honorable now as she had always thought you to be."

At an early hour the next day a servant told him that Miss Latour awaited him, and he was ushered into a strange room. He scarcely lifted his eyes as he entered, but when he did raise them he beheld Miss Sydenham.

"I am Ellen Latour!" she said, simply. "That is my real name, though I never anticipated revealing the truth to you. Listen to my story, before you blame me," she said. "The man whom you saw die was my step father. He married my mother when I was but five years old, and sister Ada a baby. My mother was weakly, and died a few years later, leaving all our father's property in that man's hands. He was our sole guardian, to hold our fortune under his control until we were married or became of age. He placed me in the Sacred Heart, and kept me there till I was sixteen, then brought me away, and proposed to marry me to a friend of his. I rebelled. One night I heard a conversation between them, and found he was selling me for twenty thousand dollars, that being the sum to be paid to him out of my property, the moment Turner became my husband. I was choked. I had no friends, and was totally at a loss what to do. One of the servants at the hotel by chance told her your history, as her sister worked for your mother. An uncle of my mother's left me fifty thousand dollars in my own right, which my step-father could not touch. I determined to save myself with it. Hearing of you, I adopted the plan of getting you to marry me. Afterwards, when my step father commanded me to fulfil my promise, I showed him my marriage certificate. He swore, but he saw his case was lost; I had outwitted him. I continued to stay with him, to protect my sister from a similar fate. I never expected to meet you. I intended that you should sue for a divorce as soon as he should die, and my safety not be imperilled."

"But that intention will never be carried into effect," Dr. Pomeroy exclaimed, "You will be mine for ever, Ellen?"

"Yours for ever!" she answered.

And when they went to see his mother, there were no three happier people in the whole world.

Years have passed since then, and Ada finds a home with her sister, who is delighted with the bargain she made, in Buying a Husband.

WEDDING CARDS AND STATIONERY.—In wedding cards there is a fancy for writing the invitation on one of the three divisions of a folding card and placing the names of the bride and groom on the other two. Wedding announcements, in cases where there is no public ceremony, are printed on two cards, one very large, the other very small. The first bears the name of the married couple, the other that of the bride. The smallest of neat plain script is used in all these printed forms. In stationery, a few novelties have appeared, and among them is the buttercup paper, which is of a pale green, with a buttercup stamped upon it in outline, or stamped and painted on by hand. Other styles of note paper have roses, four-leaf clover, violets and lilies of the valley embossed upon them, and pretty little boxes containing four kinds are made up for those who like variety. The new Christmas cards represent pretty little girls clad in Oriental fashion playing with gorgeous fans; plucking roses in walled gardens; coquetting with bright-winged birds; and they are colored so brilliantly that all other cards look plain beside them. Entirely different in spirit, but almost as attractive, is a set of cards representing the rats serenading the cat and wooing her with the sweet sounds of the fiddle to come forth and have her head chopped off by a bad little rat who pitifully lifts a tamborine for alms and vengefully shakes a hatchet behind him. In the next picture the cat is served up on the table, and in the third even his bones have gone and the rats are toasting his memory in old port. The moon brings "compliments of the season" in another series of cards, its round, jolly face beaming out of gray clouds and brightening up the rooms into which it shines. A set which ought to please everybody who has the rage for pottery represents jars of deep green and violets and of an iridescent glass holding bouquets of flowers.

THE WOMEN OF EGYPT.—They are not allowed to go out of doors as women in other countries are, and many of them never get beyond the walls of their houses. The cows sleep in the same hut with the people. These huts are made of mud without windows and the doors are so small that the wonder is how the people get in. They do not wash their babies till they are a year old, because it is considered unlucky to do so. They rarely comb their hair from month to month. Their chief meal is at sunset; the rest of the time they eat at a piece of bread when they are hungry. They never use plates or knives or forks. All sit around the table on the floor. Bread is their daily food and each family makes for itself, as it is a kind of disgrace to buy "street bread." The women clean the corn and carry it on their heads to mill. It is made into thin, small cakes, stuck against the sides of an oven, and baked in less than a minute. A hundred loaves are not too many for a family of four in a week. Travellers are usually expected to eat three loaves apiece. They make butter in a strange way. A goatskin half filled with milk is hung on a peg, and then a woman jerks it to and fro till the butter comes. Then she drains it, but never washes or salts it. Their favorite dish is rice cooked with this butter.

AN ACTOR'S WHIM:—Actors are curious people. One Smith, better known in his day as "Gentleman Smith," from his subsequently performing such characters as Charles Surface, etc., made it an indispensable condition in his engagements that his face should "never be blackened," nor was he ever to be "lowered down a trap," as the first might disguise his beauty, and the next might endanger the elegance of his legs.

Gladstone, with all his learning, spends his time writing letters to prove that tea and coffee are the primal curse of humanity.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

VACCINATION IN CHINA.—Vaccination is becoming general in China. One of the most serious objections to it yet remaining is curious. Chinese mammas are unwilling to allow the arms of their daughters to be scratched with the lancet, because, unless a Chinese girl has a few marks on her face giving evidence that she has passed through small pox, she is considered as lacking one of the chief qualifications of a marriageable maiden. The vaccination scar is still hardly deemed a sufficient promise of future immunity from the disease by the Benedicts of Flowery Land.

THE WAKEFUL HOUR.—There is one stirring hour, unknown to those who dwell in houses, when a wakeful influence goes abroad and all the outdoor world, animals and men who sleep in the open air, are on their feet. It is then the cock first crows. Cattle awake in the meadows, sheep break their fast on dewy hillsides, and change a new lair among the ferns; and houseless men who have lain down with the fowls open their dim eyes and behold the beauty of the night. Shepherds and old country folk, who are deepest read in these arcana, have not a guess as to the meaning and purpose of this nightly resurrection. Towards two o'clock in the morning they declare the thing takes place, and neither know nor inquire further.

AN EXTENSIVE FAMILY.—The following extraordinary yet well attested fact is copied from Brand's "History of Newcastle," England. A weaver in Scotland had, by one wife, a Scotch woman, sixty-two children (twelve cases of twins), all living until they were baptised; of whom four daughters only lived to be women, but forty six sons attained the man's estate. In 1630 a gentleman of Northumberland, rode thirty miles beyond Edinburgh to be satisfied of the truth of this account, when he found the man and woman both living, but at that time had no children abiding with them, Sir John Bowes and three other gentlemen having at different periods taken each ten, in order to bring them up. The rest had also been disposed of. Three or four of them were at that period (1630) at Newcastle.

THE HISTORY OF PARSLEY.—In ancient times it was sacred to the gods of the lower world and tears. The graves of the departed were bestrewn and crowned with it. When a sick person was past hope the ancients used to say, "He only requires Parsley." A crown of Parsley was originally the prize in the Isthmian games, until, in later times, this was replaced by a crown of Pine leaves. The conqueror at the Nemean games was also crowned with Parsley, because Opheltes, son of the King of Nemea, was killed by a serpent which lay hid under some Parsley. It may be further noted with regard to Parsley that the practice of crowning the departed and decorating their tombs with this herb is in vogue among the country people at the present day.

AN UNLUCKY COLOR.—Under the firm administration of James the IV. of Scotland the young Earl of Caithness incurred the penalty of outlawry and forefiture, for revenging an ancient feud. On the evening preceding the battle of Flodden, accompanied by three hundred young warriors, arrayed in green, he presented himself before the King, and submitted to his mercy. This mark of attachment was so agreeable to that warlike Prince that he granted an immunity to the Earl and all of his followers. The parchment on which this immunity is inscribed is said to be still preserved in the archives of the Earls of Caithness, and is marked with the drumstrings, having been cut out of a drumhead, as no other parchment could be found in the army. The Earl and his gallant band perished to a man in the battle of Flodden; since which period it has been reckoned unlucky in Caithness to wear green.

A CURE FOR LOVE.—Here is a curiously elaborate recipe for the cure of love, from a scarce old book, "The Adventures of Brusanus, Prince of Hungaria. Pleasant for all to Read, and Profitable for Some to Follow," by Barnaby Rich, 1599. Take two ounces of the sound of a bell when it is rung for a man's soul that died for love; as much of the neighing of a horse that has brought his master from Dunmow with the Flitch of Bacon; and take the parings of any man's nails that is full four and twenty years old and never flattered women; grind all these to fine powder in a windmill in the bottom of a fish-pond; then take half a pint of the water that is wiped from a man's eye at the burial of his wife; put a handful of lover's protestations made to his lady without dissimulation; boil all these together on a few coals, then strain it through the lining of any man's gown that hath been married full out a year and never quarrelled with his wife; put but one dram of good conscience drawn from him that married his wife more for love for her virtue than for the lucre of her dowry. Use this plaster wise, laid warm to your left heel at night when you go to bed, and, my life for yours, it shall both bring you into quiet sleep and rid you of this encumbrance that doth so trouble your head with love." Evidently Barnaby supposed the various ingredients of his love-plaster to be about as difficult to procure as the "powder of projection" of the alchemists' dreams.

I AM A QUEEN.

BY CARMEN.

The mortals around me mutter and groan,
Their own and their neighbor's lots they bemoan;
They wonder, and wonder, why I am serene,
Little they guess that I am a queen.

They boast of possessions, costly and rare,
Always supposing I envy their share;
They do not imagine 'tis but one grace,
That makes a queen's home a royal place.

They all to their treasures anxiously turn,
Only in time their beauties to spurn;
My treasures satisfy, here and above,
For I am a queen in the Kingdom of Love.

VERA;

—OR,—

A Guiltless Crime.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CECIL CARLISLE," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—[CONTINUED.]

VERA CALDERON, leaning on the arm of Prince von Epstein, was wandering through the conservatory and speaking to him in German as perfect as his own. She had refused to engage herself for the next dance. Once or twice during the last the conflict of feeling within her had made her almost dizzy; and even now among the flowers, temporarily free from the glare and the crowd, her heart still throbbed wildly, and more than once the thought, "What, if, after all, I am dazzling my eyes with a chimera—what if, after all, Vivian is dead?" came to her with such terrible force that she hurried into some brilliant speech, or gathered flowers with a quick reckless hand, scattering half of them on the ground, as though by the sound of her voice she could drown the voice within her, or by action dissipate the anguish of dread and suspense.

"What a pity? Do not suffer those flowers to be trampled by careless feet," said the Prince, as Vera, while they passed slowly along the avenue towards the ball-room, pulled heliotropes, stephanotis, gladioli, what not, not knowing indeed whether she gathered flowers or leaves, and let the rich petals fall in fragrant showers from her fingers.

"Why not?" she said, laughing a little, and plucking a tea-rose even as she spoke. "There are others, and it is an allegory, Herr Prince, such as one reads in the poems scribbled in ladies' albums."

"The gods avert the omen!" said the Prince, stretching forth a pleading hand for the rose.

Vera laughed again, and resigned it, turning anxious wistful eyes to the splendid vista before her; and her hand grasped nervously the jewelled fan and then she flung down a bunch of maiden-hair fern, and put her foot upon it.

Why had her heart leaped up with so wild a throb, and then sunk like lead? The movement she had noticed among the crowd was only because another quadrille was forming; but to her companion her action seemed like a scornful answer to his remonstrance.

"I dare not ask you, Fraulein," he said reproachfully, "after this, to place the rose you gave me."

"I answered my own thoughts, Herr Prince," said the girl quickly. "Pardon me." She took the rose and placed it in his button-hole with a half-nonchalant grace, adding, "I did not give it—I only let you have it."

"Why try to rob the gift of its value, Fraulein? But you cannot succeed."

"You are easily pleased, Herr Prince. Cannot you write some verses about the one flower rescued from the ruins of its fellows, or some nonsense of that kind?"

"Fraulein, I do not write poetry, but I can sing '*Rose, wie bist du*'"

"Here, and now? Well, then," said the girl, "let us have the orchestra play the accompaniment; they are tuning up for the Lancers. But who shall sing a lament for the crushed flowers? Shall I?"

The Prince looked at her; he was puzzled, as well as he might be; but, before he could speak again, Vera drew back suddenly from the entrance, which they had now reached, and said, in an altered manner, in a low hurried tone—

"What is the matter? Who is it? They are all pressing forward—the band has ceased."

"Some grandee," said the Prince, trying, but in vain, to catch sight among the throng of the new comer—"the Austrian Ambassador perhaps."

Vera stood motionless.

"Who is it? Who is it?" was repeated.

Then some one forced his way through the crowd, and came up to Vera, just as her companion was proposing that they should go forward and see what the stir was about.

"Ah, Miss Calderon!" said Lord Cascelles. "Lady Landport is coming this way. The Austrian Ambassador has this moment arrived, and M. de Saint Leon is with him."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

MADE SAINT LEON, is with him. What did these seven words mean for Vera Calderon? Did they condense the whole volume of her past and future, or did they only mean that in another moment she would meet a stranger, whose face, so like Vivian Devereux's, she had never beheld?

She had advanced a few steps into the ball-room, and, bowing in response to Lord Cascelles' announcement, paused and stood waiting. She saw, while her eyes sought for one form only, the crowd around, and she saw others beyond pressing forward; she saw Mrs. Gresham Faulkner and Percy Everest among them; she knew that every one in the crowded room would be watching her and Count Saint Leon—watching for this meeting. She actually held her breath; her heart stood still in the agony of hope, suspense, dread; every function of sentient existence seemed suspended; her whole life was gathered into a focus; all that was happening around her was seen and heard with a terrible distinctness, and she knew that she must bring to bear in this brief space of time every power of self control; and yet there was but one thing for her among all these men and women. Outwardly she stood, a picture in her mournful Spanish beauty, gleaming satin and falling lace, against the background of green and crimson, calm and stately—the calm of the Southern summer day, when the breathless air seems charged with suspense, and close, too close, beneath the earth's surface the volcanic fires burn fiercely.

The guests gave way. Vera Calderon saw Lady Landport advancing towards her, and beside her a tall slight man in splendid uniform, rich in color, glittering with jewelled orders. A murmur ran through the crowd, and Vera heard Prince von Epstein whisper to Lord Cascelles. "How like Sir Vivian he is!"

He—Saint Leon—had been bending down to his companion, so that his face was partly concealed. He was before Vera now; Lady Landport was saying—

"Allow me to have the pleasure—Miss Calderon. Count Saint Leon—Monsieur le Comte, Mademoiselle Calderon."

Saint Leon lifted his handsome face. There was the dark olive complexion, the black wavy hair of the picture of Chandos Royal, though now the drooping moustache all but hid the mouth; the eyes—they met Vera's for one second—Vivian Devereux!

There was a blank; for a moment, a space too brief for any but him to note, the girl's brain reeled. The hum of voices swelled into a roar; there was a mist before her, flecked with shifting colors and bright rays from objects that flashed and scintillated.

"I am so happy in meeting Mademoiselle Calderon, to whom indeed I feel as though I had already the honor of being known."

The sweet softly modulated voice thrilled to her heart like an electric shock. Disguised as it was, it could not have deceived her; but so calmly he spoke those graceful words in the polite Gallic tongue that suspicion itself must have been disarmed. Emotion there was, but only such emotion as became Count Saint Leon, meeting his cousin's betrothed wife, knowing that this first interview with him must be painful to her. Who could have read more than this in the slight quiver of the musical tones, in the blended reverence and admiration of the momentary look that rested on the face before him? Who, if the thought had presented itself that Vivian Devereux was one and identical with Rafael Saint Leon, could believe that in the supreme crisis he could preserve the assumption so perfectly as not to even by a look betray himself?

Did he, as he spoke, recall that night when the Glaour had bowed before Leila in the halls of Chandos-Devereux? The whole world was at his feet then; one thing only he had lacked—and that face and form of Leila had filled the vacancy. Now, a proscribed criminal, he met the one love of his life as a stranger.

The very depth of anguish, the fierce force of conflicting feeling within Vera, helped the power of will that enabled her to reply quietly.

"Indeed, M. de Saint Leon," she said, "the pleasure of meeting is reciprocal. I had not hoped to see you to-night."

She did not offer her hand. This was but a cold greeting for one so nearly related to Vivian Devereux—whom he had loved and trusted—with whom she was associated in the fulfilment of a sacred trust. But was it not natural that, in a moment fraught, of necessity, with such bitter pain, she should ensure self-command by an excess of reserve?

The Count understood this; for he only bowed again, and drew back a little, suffering the Austrian Ambassador, who just then came up, to greet the beautiful leader of society.

Adeline Gresham-Faulkner turned to Everest, who stood near her.

"Well," she said, in a whisper, glancing at the Count and then at Vera, "do you fear him?"

"Fear him? No. He may have influence; I have power. Besides, she will not forget Devereux."

"Hem! You think the likeness will only bring the other too vividly before her. May it not have another effect? I have read of such things in romance. Do they never happen in real life?"

"I have power," repeated Everest; and he turned away and asked the Austrian *attache*, to whom he was slightly known, to introduce him to M. de Saint Leon.

He was anxious to discover if the Count was acquainted with his name. Vivian Devereux had surely seen his cousin in his exile, and had spoken to him of Clinton Everest. If so, he had good reason to fear him; he would know the truth quickly.

"As soon as I can, *mon cher*," said the *attache*. "He is surrounded just at present. *Parbleu*, how nobly Miss Calderon received him—and it must have been a terrible trial to her! He is wonderfully like Chandos-Devereux."

"Did you know him well?"

"Oh, no! I only met him in Vienna last month, when he came back from Spain. I knew Devereux slightly. Every one raved about him in Vienna. He was a vast favorite, and no wonder. I can't think that rumor of his death has any solid foundation. Miss Calderon's doubting it is not perhaps so much; but Saint Leon cannot believe it, or he would hardly be here to-night."

"I am afraid nevertheless that it is true," said Everest, sighing; and he looked again at the handsome Frenchman, who was standing at a little distance, with a distinguished group around him; and once he thought the Count looked his way; but then he would not know him by sight.

Vera, leaning on the Austrian Ambassador's arm, passed the spot where Lady Constance Morton and Florrie sat, waiting for the forming of the set which the unexpected appearance of the distinguished foreigners had interrupted. Gracefully excusing herself for a moment, Vera approached the two ladies.

"Shall I introduce M. de Saint Leon to you," she asked; "or"—quickly, seeing the tears in Florrie's eyes—"would you rather not?"

"Not now—not to me," pleaded Florrie hurriedly. "I shall be afraid of myself."

"I understand," said Vera, in a low voice.

"It is so trying; he is so like. I thought I must have fainted when I first saw him," added Lady Constance, fanning herself in an agitated manner.

Yet she, whose torture was beyond all power of speech, was so calm! When would this evening come to a close?

Saint Leon did not join the dancers; and he saw that Vera was not among them. He caught a glimpse of her as she sat near the conservatory, and carelessly asked the Prince von Epstein who it was bending over her; and when he answered that it was Lord Cascelles, who seemed "*beaucoup epris*," he said that was no matter for wonder. At another time he would have smiled to think that he knew Lord Cascelles much better than his informant did; that he had rowed with him at Oxford, and lounged with him at the Carlton and the Travellers'; but now what thought could raise a smile to his lips? He was living—like Vera—a life of agony in these hours.

Every one was anxious to be introduced to the brilliant foreigner, to whom attached of necessity so keen an interest from his unique position. Among the eager crowd was Percy Everest, whom the young *attache* presently led up to the group.

"M. de Saint Leon," said he, "*permettez moi*—Mr. Percy Everest, Monsieur le Comte de Saint Leon."

The Count turned, gave Mr. Everest a quick look, without a shadow of recognition in it, and bowed, uttering a few words in French, among which was an expression of regret that he spoke no English, though he understood a little. Everest's heart bounded within him. He felt that he was safe. Vivian Devereux had either had no communication with his cousin or had never mentioned Everest to him. The name was evidently unknown to the Frenchman. He answered laughingly that, though M. de Saint Leon would not mistake him for a countryman, yet he found no difficulty in conversing in the "polite tongue"; and indeed, the "*je ne sais quoi*" which proclaims the "son of the soil," merited the compliments of the courtly diplomatist.

Mrs. Gresham Faulkner had excused herself from this quadrille; she had a purpose in view; and, presently dismissing her cavalier, she approached Prince von Epstein and tapped him with her fan.

"Prince M. de Saint Leon has been presented to you. I adore celebrities! Pray present him."

Vera, from her distant sofa, saw the by-play, and her heart grew sick; yet she smiled at what Lord Cascelles was saying, and answered him *a propos*. The Prince bowed, and went to fetch Saint Leon. M. de Saint Leon bowed, and would be "most happy." Inwardly he had asked himself who the lady was who—one glance of his critical eye had assured him—was not precisely *haut ton*.

The Count was introduced, and Mrs. Gresham-Faulkner scanned his striking countenance somewhat boldly.

"So you speak no English?" said she in her most sprightly manner, seating herself in a chair, and leaving the Count no choice in courtesy but to enter into conversation with her.

He stood by, resting his hand on the back of the chair, a position which Mrs. Gresham-Faulkner rather liked, as it enabled her to look up in an arch and innocent manner into his face. He answered her questions with a slight bow, but without a smile, in French.

"Unfortunately, madame, I do not speak English, but I understand it very well."

"Ah, well," responded the lady, "I dare say I can talk French better than you can understand English; and you will bear with my failings."

She spoke very tolerable French, and Saint Leon replied—

"Madame has no need of my forbearance. She speaks my language excellently."

"Ah, you foreigners!" cried the fair widow, shaking her head. "You always tell people they speak your language well. I wish indeed I deserved the compliment. You leave nothing more to say of Miss Calderon's French, which is really that of a native."

"Ah, but then she has lived abroad nearly all of her life!"

"Yes; and you could discern that in a minute. She is not English in her ways. I often tell her I wonder she lives in England, since she seems to like Italy and Germany so much better," said the widow, waving her handsome fan backwards and forwards as she conveyed to the Count the information she was anxious he should possess—that she was on friendly terms with the most famous woman in society.

She was not looking up then, and so did not see the sudden flash in the dark hazel eyes, and the silky moustache hid the lips that were sharply compressed! Was the woman simply boasting? What had Vera Calderon in common with her? He would know more.

"You are acquainted then with Mademoiselle Calderon?" he said not suffering the slightest shade of surprise to tinge his soft voice.

"Acquainted! I may say more—I claim intimacy. I came to-night in her carriage. I am so fond of her! She is a wonderfully fascinating woman".

She leaned back and looked up smiling—she wanted to see how the Count would take her information; but the Count's grave and haughty face was impenetrable. He merely replied, glancing round carelessly—from reiterating with the lips that which the life declared? In reason, in logic, perhaps it was mental juggling; but there are phases of feeling in the human heart that lie beyond the realm of reason. To lean on Vivian's breast, to meet his eyes, and frame a lie—a lie, too, that should gain strength from its appeal to the very nobility of his nature—oh, could she do this? Must she not falter and fail? Fail! No; it was for his sake!

"For his sake," she repeated slowly; and her dark eyes were burning, her lips settled with a deathless resolve. "It is for his sake; and for that I can dare all—do all—die—live in torture—all, all! I will shrink from nothing that can answer to that watchward, 'For his sake'!"

And now the time was close that she must meet him. The clock on the mantlepiece rang out ten in silvery chime; and before the last stroke had struck a carriage stopped without. The blood rushed to the girl's brow—she almost staggered; but in a moment she had recovered; and, when the servant knocked at the door, she said "Come in" in her usual tone, and was carelessly glancing over some music as the door opened.

"M. de Saint Leon is in the library, madam, as you desired," said the servant, handing a card, and retired.

She looked at the card that should have borne another name, and wrung her hands again.

"What will the end be?" she said inwardly. "On this side a precipice—on that a height that cannot be scaled. And I walk on a path enveloped in mist. One false step——"

She paused, shivered, and passed hastily out of the room, through the corridor, down the wide stairs, and then she stopped. Her hand was on the library door. Her heart was not throbbing now—it seemed quite still—for she was hardly breathing. Only for a time in which one might have counted for she stood so, and then she opened the door and entered the library.

She was in Vivian Devereux's presence—alone with him. There was no need now for mask or subterfuge. He had turned at the movement of the door—one step forward, and she was clasped in his arms, in silence unbroken even by the quick utterance of her name. A lifetime was lived in those moments. He knew not how long it was before he could speak; he could only hold her to his heart, with such agony of passionate joy and suffering as no tongue could utter, and press his trembling lips to hers again and again. The past—ay, even the previous night, if remembered—was a dream, the future a blank; the present was all he recognised; and, ah, how she clung to him—Vivian Devereux's hapless love—whose hand must still wound the heart that beat against her own! How she strove to crush back the agonized sobs, and might have conquered still; but, when, at length, in low quivering tones, Vivian spoke to her, repeating her name with such passion-

ate dwelling on the sound, as if there had been magic in it—as indeed to him there was—calling her his darling, his own, once more—if not to part again on earth, yet never to part in soul—his own, for time and eternity—then the last barrier was broken down, and all the pent up anguish of years swept over her in a tempest that seemed to threaten her very life, that Vivian was powerless at first to soothe; for, alas, his loving touch and voice were like bitter reproaches to her! She shrank from him; and yet, when he would not suffer this, but only held her closer to him, the great force of his wonderful love overmastered the wild impulse within her; it seemed as though he would not cast her off. His answer to her foreboding question rushed back upon her soul again, as in the prison cell during their awful hour of separation, "Earth cannot, Heaven will not, part us."

She clung to him once more, instinctively, with a strange sense of protection of holding by an anchor that could not fail her, of perfect faith in a love that, if it knew all, would forgive all. She grew calmer; and indeed nature itself must have conquered or succumbed to such racking grief, that left her for a time utterly exhausted, so that her very senses staggered; and, dizzy and trembling, she lifted her head from Vivian's breast, and looked up into his face with a vague, wistful, searching gaze that filled him with a keener fear than even the frenzy that had preceded it.

"Is it Vivian?" she said, in a whisper. "Is it Vivian indeed? I am not dreaming, am I? I did meet you last night—tell me, did I not? And when—when I left, you took me to my carriage, and I met your eyes with the look in them that is in them now; then you kissed my hand. It was not a dream? No, no; nor is this. Tell me—you cannot deceive me—shall I wake and hear them say you have died? Tell me, Vivian."

"Dear one," said the low sweet voice, "they may tell you that Vivian Devereux is dead, but it is not true. It is no dream that I hold you in my arms, Vera—no dream this kiss on your brow—no dream this voice that speaks to you. Do not try to think; believe me, for you know I cannot deceive you. Let heart and brain rest, my darling, and calmness and reason will come to you."

Always docile to him—a very child in obedience, this girl, whose resolute character stood in no need of another's guidance—she suffered him to place her in a low chair; and, when he knelt down by her, still clasping her to him, she leaned her head against him again, like a wearied child, and gradually the cloud passed away, and the clear powerful mind regained its balance.

She roused herself with a long shivering sigh.

"Forgive me," she said—and her voice still betrayed physical exhaustion, but the wandering tone was gone—"I shall not give away again—but last night!" She pressed her hand to her forehead. "Vivian, you did not know you would meet me; you could not have willingly faced such suffering."

"For your sake and for mine, Vera, I would have avoided it; but it was not possible. I reached London late, and went to the Embassy. The Embassador was going to the ball, and asked me to accompany him. In answer to my question, he said he believed you would not be there. It was only when we entered the house that I was told you were present. It was too late then to draw back: I feared then to give even the faintest clue for suspicion—for I am playing a bold game, Vera. Do you trust me to carry it through?"

"Fully. I seem to have no fear for you, Vivian, though the disguise is to me so thin a veil that I might be pardoned the idea that others must recognize you as I do; but, if they did not discover you in Vienna and Paris, where you and Saint Leon are both known, how should you be betrayed in London?"

"Thank Heaven," said Vivian, brokenly, "that this dread is spared you! Oh, Vera, you asked me just now if it was a dream or a truth that we have met once more! It seems almost a dream to me. Would that I could have better prepared you for it, that I could have found some means to make conjecture certainty; for surely you hoped, if even against hope, that the tidings of Vivian Devereux's death were false, that it was Rafael de Saint Leon who had died?"

"I did hope, Vivian—I more than hoped—it seemed almost conviction; and the more I condemned it as a fancy born of my longing the more that conviction seemed to wrap round every fibre of my heart; and then it seemed strange that, if the news had been true, Alphonse had not come to see me. Then my fears told me that he might have been struck down by the fever, for he would never have left you. I compared your letter from Paris with Saint Leon's own letters and with yours; his writing is not like yours; but the Paris letter was Saint Leon's. I could not detect any difference."

"Would that I could, that I dared, have spared you!" said Vivian again. "Ah, Vera, when I wrote that formal letter to you, I seemed in anticipation to be standing by your side, to read your thoughts, to watch your acts! Had I not known you so well, I would not have taken so bold a step as setting afloat a rumor that must reach you in a startling form. Tell me how you heard it first, Vera."

His fingers were straying among her soft curls as he spoke; she looked up quickly.

"She is beautiful and gifted; she cannot be other than fascinating."

"Too much so for many people's peace of mind," said Mrs. Gresham Faulkner slowly. "And yet she is unapproachable. But I admire her for it."

"Mademoiselle Calderon is greatly honored by madame's sympathy and admiration," said Count Saint Leon, with a sarcastic *hauteur* that brought a flush to the woman's face.

She saw she had been guilty of a grievous mistake, and hastened to make amends.

"Pardon me," she said, in a low tone, "if I have ventured to draw near to a subject so"—she faltered—"so painful. I spoke as a friend of Miss Calderon—to one also her friend. Indeed you must forgive me."

Friend—this coquettish hypocrite, acting a part before him, a friend of Vera's! Was he dreaming? She could not dare to be uttering an untruth of which a word from Vera's own lips would convict her.

"Madame has no need," he said, with chilling courtesy, but still with irony, "to ask pardon for giving play to the most charming attributes of her sex. The rather must I crave forgiveness, and would even be so bold as to assume it granted, and ask the honor of Madame's hand, but that I do not join the dancers to night—and I see Madame's partner approaching;" and, bowing gracefully, he moved away, leaving Mrs Gresham Faulkner sorely perplexed as to whether he was in earnest in any part of his speech, or held her in contempt.

"Rohan to the score," she said to herself, while her lips smiled, and her eyes followed the tall receding form. "There is pride enough in the mingled blood of Rohan and Guzman Meridia, without the added Devereux pride. Vivian Devereux himself was not more haughty than his cousin."

"Will you not be persuaded?" ask Lord Cascelles of Vera. "Only one more dance!"

"My lord, will you take a promise for another evening and excuse me now? I meant to stay only for a little while, and ordered my carriage to call for me early. I have outstayed my intended time."

"And you are indeed going?" said the young man. His face fell.

"Don't make me seem hard-hearted," said the girl, with that mingling of lightness and sadness which often appeared in her manner and lent to it such a subtle charm. "You will make me fear to ask you a favor, lest I should add insult to injury."

"You know, Miss Calderon, how gladly I would do you a thousand favors!"

"Yes, I know," she said gravely. This man's devotion touched her deeply; it was so unsullied, so free from the hope of reward. "Then, my lord, will you kindly ask M. de Saint Leon to come to me? He is in the next room, I think."

"You honor me too much," said Lord Cascelles, as he departed with alacrity.

For a few brief moments Vera was alone. The band was playing one of Strauss's waltzes; the dancers were whirling in clouds of lace and silk and flashing jewels before her; and she—still wearing the mask—sat waiting for Vivian Devereux, with a heart almost fainting within her from the fearful tension kept up so long.

She dared not lift her eyes to his face when he came up. He saw it, and saw the struggle for self command. What change in her, however slight, could escape him?

"Mademoiselle has honored me!" he said, pausing.

The girl rose.

"Yes," she said, mastering herself now, "I am going to leave, and I wanted to speak to you a moment, Monsieur de Saint Leon. Can you call on me to morrow morning? Shall I say at ten o'clock?"

"I shall not fail," said Saint Leon quietly. "Shall I have the honor to escort you to your carriage?"

Vera bowed her head, and placed her hand on his arm. She could have spoken then.

Saint Leon led her to the card room, which was deserted now, and went to fetch her opera cloak. She stood calm and motionless while he was away; and, when he returned, gave only a fleeting glance at his face. She was white to the lips.

Without uttering one word, Saint Leon placed the mantle over her shoulders—the play must be acted out—for, though they were alone now, there was no security against intrusion; and so there was nothing in his manner that would not have befitted Count Saint Leon. Then he led her out to the carriage. But, as he opened the door, she loosed her hand from his arm, and stepped hastily into the brougham.

He understood her; he saw how she trembled, now that there was no one save him to see her. She turned to him, meaning still to utter such words of farewell as Vera Calderon should utter to Count Saint Leon; but she could not speak. Her eyes met his—only for a moment—yet in that moment the mask was torn away. A mist swept over her—was it Vivian indeed, or only a vision, bright and fleeting? It was his hand that clasped hers—his lips that pressed on it one burning passionate kiss; and then she was crouching like a stricken thing on the carriage cushions, tossed in a fierce passion of wild happiness and misery that made her tremble for reason itself—alone—fearfully alone—in a torment that his very love made sharper; yet never alone, for he was with her now.

To morrow—yes, to morrow—was it true? —she stood in her dressing-room, pressing her hands over her eyes—he would hold her in his arms—he would speak to her. It was true. Dreaming? No, no: her hand still felt the clasp of his, the touch of his lips; and yet, oh, with what depth of despairing grief she wrung those clenched hands above her head, and the old miserable cry burst forth again, "Oh, Vivian, my life, my life! Would to Heaven I had never seen thy face! Oh, for one day—one hour's oblivion!"

CHAPTER XXXV.

VERA CALDERON had always adhered to the traveller's habit of early hours; and, no matter what time she retired to rest, she was never late in the breakfast room. On the morning after Lady Leadport's ball she came into the breakfast-room at her usual time, though on this occasion the meal was a farce. She forced herself to drink a little coffee, but could do no more. Vera was alone and was best pleased to be so. Madame Latouche never made her appearance till past nine at the earliest. Her presence in the house was a necessary sacrifice to *les convenances*, and she herself an accomplished woman, the widow of a Frenchman of birth and some rank, was kind and warm hearted, and a woman of tact: but Vera shrank now from even a look of inquiry—shrank still more from the—to her courteous and unselfish nature—necessity of entering into a conversation in which every word uttered would be an effort.

It was her wont to pass the first three and often four hours of the morning in the library, where she devoted herself entirely to the business devolving upon her in her onerous position. But she could not attend to business now: she went to her boudoir, first telling a footman to show Monsieur de Saint Leon, when he came, to the library.

How she counted the minutes to the hour she longed for with such unspeakable yearning, and yet dreaded with such unspeakable dread! How for the ten thousandth time her thoughts traversed the field of time, from her first meeting with Vivian Devereux till now! How vividly present to her was that night when she had turned at Lady Constance's words, and started involuntarily when she saw that by a chance coincidence the young lord of Rougemont wore the costume of the Giaour; and yet it seemed like looking back on one like herself and not herself, whose life was not hers. There was so vast a gulf between the present and the past; she was so different then from what she was now. She had lived centuries of suffering in those two years. She was living now in apprehension—dreading most of all in the immediate future the meeting with Vivian Devereux.

He loved and trusted her; and she was deceiving him, and must deceive him yet again—not only tacitly, but in actual words. Lie to him! She would not shrink from the knowledge; she would face it. She repeated the thought aloud, that by the sound of her voice she might perceive more fully its hideousness, and nerve herself for the task. Was it not juggling to recoil from weaving one more thread into the web of untruth, even appealingly, into his face, then her head drooped, and he felt the shiver that ran through her, as she answered in a low tone—

"They were calling it in the streets as I came out of the Opera one night; but, though it was a terrible shock, I did not believe it—I could not. Do not grieve for me, Vivian; I can think of such moments calmly; but of you—of all you bear, and bear so nobly—your life blighted under the curse of a crime never committed——"

She paused, struggling with emotions which even Vivian but partially comprehended, for he knew only part of their cause; but he sealed her lips with his own, and soothed her tenderly.

"Verily"—he said, and something of the old wonderfully bright smile lighted up his eyes—"is it not heaven to hold you in these arms Vera, to look into your face? Ah, my heart, if I could but see it as on that first night when it became to me 'a part of sight'! Heaven prosper me, that I may be able to discover whose hand has wrought the fulfilment of words that have never ceased to haunt me from the moment they were uttered. Oh, Vera, Vera," he broke out passionately, "exile, contumely, all the anguish of bearing the burden of another's sin—name, fame, career, blasted—all these I could endure if it were possible for your happiness to be separated from mine—if your life could have sunshine while mine is in gloom. It breaks my heart to see you the same indeed, and yet so changed—so changed!"

He bowed his head on hers for the first time giving way; and then, for one moment, there was such fierce strife in the girl's soul as, when stilled by the magic watchward—the watchward of her life—"For his sake," left her trembling and nerveless. She must give comfort now; and, though each word and act that soothed his wound planted a fresh stab in her heart, she never faltered nor failed, praying him, with intense earnestness of pleading, not to grieve so for her; she lived in him, for him; and, when he had grown calm again, she looked up into his face, scanning every feature with the old searching wistful gaze, but now more troubled.

"You tell me I have changed," she said softly, with something infinitely pathetic in the tone and manner, half arch, half sad, "but are not you changed too, Vivian—not only in the outward disguise?" She passed her finger through his silky curls and almost smiled. "No need for disguise here," she said; "your hair is the same hue as his. But you have stained your skin; and you have done well to let your moustache nearly hide your mouth. You look very like his picture, Vivian; but it would be well to avert the possibility of close comparisons between Vivian Devereux and Rafael Saint Leon. If that picture were seen, and one who knew you, or even a stranger whose mind retains the memory of faces, compared the portrait with the apparent original, still more if your own portrait were seen also, there are differences that could not be trusted to such a test. I have already anticipated this, and it shall not occur."

"How, sweetheart? Chandos Royal was already closed. What more have you done?"

"When the first rumor of your death came, Vivian, I had the picture-galleries and the whole suite of rooms, including that in which Saint Leon's picture hangs, locked, and the keys delivered to Aileen Connor; she alone attends to them now."

"It is better so," said Devereux, stifling a sigh; and then, as he thought of his ancestral home, closed and barred like a prison, while its rightful lord dared set foot in it only as a stranger, rushed back upon him with almost overwhelming force, he rose abruptly to his feet and walked to the other end of the long room, struggling for self-control. The strong will had conquered even before he turned and came back to where she stood, motionless, watching him, with a dumb agony in her eyes. "Forgive me!" he said, placing both hands on her shoulders, and bending down to kiss her brow; and, seek to hide it as he would, how could she fail to detect the ring of bitter pain in his voice? "I shall grow more used, with every day that passes, to my new identity and all that it brings with it. It will seem strange to rule my own lands as a trustee; to meet my own servants, who loved me so well, as one who cannot even speak their language; but I shall remember that Vivian Devereux is dead—an example of poetic justice—and that it is M. de Saint Leon who reigns in his stead until——"

The girl held her breath as she paused, and then, as he dropped his hands and turned aside, added—"Until he is proved innocent."

"Or," said Vivian quietly, "till perchance the subterfuge is discovered and the lord of Chandos Royal is a prisoner once more."

"Never!" Vera exclaimed, in a low clear voice. "That shall never be!"

The next moment the blood surged back upon her heart in a dizzy rush, and she instinctively caught at the back of the chair near her, for Vivian's quick keen look staggered her.

"You speak," he said, "as if you had some suspicion——"

"I have none," she interrupted, "if I had, why should I keep it from you?"

She uttered no lie, and yet she did not look at him, but straight before her into a vacancy, as she spoke; and then, with an almost startling change of manner—he recalled it only too vividly, and what had gone before, a few short months later—she added hurriedly—

"Let this pass for the present, Vivian; tell me of Saint Leon, of yourself, your plans, hopes—there is so much I have to learn, and to tell; but you will let me listen first. Sit here, Vivian; let me kneel by you, as on that night when my father died, and I saw you last."

Was it the memory of those farewell moments that made her cling so to him, as she knelt by him, sheltered in his close embrace, or was it as the foretaste of a parting in the future a thousand times more bitter than even that cruel severance—for in it there was the hope of reunion, but the parting yet to come must be for ever, beyond it a long moonless night of deathless misery.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ERRORS OF THE WORLD.—The little I have seen of the world teaches me to look upon the errors of others in sorrow, not in anger. When I take the history of one poor heart that has sinned and suffered, and represent to myself the struggles and temptations it has passed through, the brief pulsations of joy, the feverish inquietude of hope and fear, the pressure of want, the desertion of friends, I would fain leave the erring soul of my fellow man with Him from whose hand it came. M. S.

There is a dancing rooster in Alabama.

IF WE HAD NEVER MET.

BY H. W.

If we had never met,
Our fond, delusive hopes we had not known,
Like spring-time blossoms, blooming and half blown,
By some rough gust of wind on greensward thrown,
In May's young loveliness.

If we had never met,
I had not felt that joy almost divine,
To clasp you to my breast and call you mine,
To feel this heart responsive beat to thine,
In love's first ecstasy.

If we had never met,
That sun which brightens life's long, weary day,
Casting o'er throne and hovel each a ray,
Had left my soul 'mid darkened shadows gray,
Unlit by radiance.

If we had never met,
Far more than this, my life, my love, my queen,
This heart of mine had never broken been,
The sorrow of a parting had not seen,
Nor lifelong loneliness.

What's in a Name?

BY MAUDE MURRAY.

"IT is no use, papa! The idea of disposing of me in any such style—as if I were to have no voice in the matter!" And Edith tossed her pretty brown curls with an air of determination. "To have one's husband selected for one is absurd!"

"Edith," said her father, "do try to be reasonable; you know I should never wish to force your inclinations in such a serious matter. You have often heard me speak of Mr. Chester, he was a dear friend of mine at college, but after that we lost sight of each other for many years, until I went abroad, when I met my old friend, but only to lose him again in a few weeks by death. He left me the guardian of his only child, a son of nineteen, who was then studying in a medical college and heir to a large fortune. Before dying, my friend expressed a wish that you should marry his son. Young Chester was to know nothing of his father's wish until he should have finished his studies, when he was to come to Seaton. That was four years ago. I have kept myself informed as to his character, and have always received the most favorable reports."

"Oh, I suppose he is perfect!" said Edith, saucily. "But let me hope he has found his 'true love;' if not, he may object to having a wife selected for him. But you don't expect me to stay here to fall dutifully in love with this young doctor, I hope! Aunt Carrie starts for Seaton soon, and I have made arrangements to go with her. When do you expect this prodigy?"

"Edith," said her father, sternly, "I wish you to understand you are to treat Mr. Chester, while he is my guest, with respect, if nothing more, and not let your foolish love of romance prevent you from seeing his many admirable traits of character. It is one of my dearest wishes to see you married to him; but, as I have said, I shall not force your wishes. He will not come here until September, so that will give you plenty of time at Seaton."

"Well, you are a dear good papa," said Edith, throwing her arms around his neck, and looking up roguishly into his face. "I will be as fascinating as possible if I don't meet my fate in someone else at Seaton."

"I'll risk it!" said her father, pinching her cheek.

Edith Darling was the only child of Nathan Darling, a wealthy banker. Her mother had died when she was but five years old, and her father hrd not married again.

So Miss Edith had been flattered and petted until I wonder she wasn't completely spoiled: I must confess that she was rather fond of having her own way, and generally managed to have it.

Monday found Edith delightfully settled at Seaton, in a charming cottage belonging to Mrs. Raymond, the Aunt Carrie before spoken of, and Mr. Darling's sister. She usually spent her summers there, with Edith and her son, a rollicking boy of fourteen, who had a great admiration for his pretty cousin, but liked to tease her occasionally, notwithstanding.

Edith and Fred would go off in the afternoon to the cliffs, while Aunt Carrie was enjoying a comfortable doze at home.

Edith generally carried a book of her favorite poems, while Fred managed to amuse himself in his own fashion. He was never to be found when it was time to go home, and after she had called him till she was hoarse, he would make his appearance, with his trousers tucked in his boots, and hat drawn over his eyes, and inform her "that he had got such a jolly fine crab down there, and for her to make haste and see him kick."

One day they started off, and Edith found the nicest kind of a nook, and, having established herself to her satisfaction, prepared to enjoy it, Fred leaving her alone as usual.

She had brought a book to read, but, leaning back in lazy enjoyment of the day, watched the white sails with a dreamy look in her eyes, as if her thoughts were miles away.

She happened to glance down, and became aware that a pair of blue eyes, brimming over with fun, were regarding her with an amused look from an adjoining rock.

The owner of said eyes was a young man of about three and-twenty, who seemed to be taking life easy. His head was resting against a rock, while his feet were resting on another, in true masculine fashion.

"Looks as if he had been a fixture there all the afternoon," thought Edith, trying to look as if she was not aware that he was looking at her, which attempt was rather a failure.

She prepared to start for home, when, looking round, she missed her hat, which she had taken off. The wind had carried it away, and lodged it in a crevice of the rocks far down.

"How unfortunate!" thought Edith. "I can never go down there."

"Can I be of any use?"

Turning, Edith saw the youth of the blue eyes.

"I don't see how you can," said Edith, looking dubiously at the unfortunate hat, which was resting peacefully on the rocks below.

After looking for some time, they found a long branch, and the hat was fished up in triumph.

"A new and novel way of fishing," said he, with a smile, as he deposited it at her feet. Perhaps you will thank me, though you did look so dignified when you discovered me on the opposite rock. Really, to be candid, I thought seriously of asking you if I could come over and read to you; should you have been shocked if I had?"

"Of course," said Edith, with a roguish look; "it would have been very improper."

"Since the all important ceremony of introduction cannot be dispensed with, then allow me," said he, at the same time taking a card-case from his pocket, and handed her a card.

As Edith took it, someone shouted "Edith!" and, looking down, they discovered Fred limping along with a doleful look! The interesting youth had sprained his ankle.

"How did you manage to do it?" asked Edith, as she and her new friend assisted him home.

"I was playing Robinson Crusoe on a desert island," growled Fred, "and fell off the rock."

They finally reached home, where it was found that the ankle had received a pretty severe wrench, which would confine Fred to the house for a few days.

Mrs. Raymond thanked the young stranger for so kindly assisting her niece. He proved to be a doctor, and, after attending to Fred, he went away, promising to call in the morning and see his patient.

"How very fortunate he should have been near!" said Mrs. Raymond. "I wonder who he is?"

Edith said nothing to correct the impression that her aunt had received, but, after gaining her own room, drew the card from her pocket and read it.

"John Smith!" exclaimed Edith, with a grimace.

"Certainly not a high-sounding title."

* * * * *

The next morning found Edith established in the parlor, ostensibly to keep Fred company, but really in prospect of the handsome doctor's call. She had not long to wait before he was ushered into the room.

After pronouncing Fred better, he was interrogated by that youth as to when he would be able to walk.

"Not for four days," said the doctor. "Rather hard work for you, isn't it? Are you fond of reading?"

"Yes, I like books, if there are lots of bears, and alligators, and fighting, and Indians in them."

"Well," said the doctor, laughing. "I think I have some works of that description; and if your mother will allow me, I will bring them over."

"Certainly," said Mrs. Raymond. "I shall consider it a great kindness."

So he called that afternoon, the next day, and the next, and in the course of time Edith managed to get remarkably well acquainted with him. One day, just on the spot where they first met, he told her he loved her, and won a similar confession from her sweet lips.

Edith told her lover of Mr. Chester, and that her father expected her to marry him.

"But I shall not marry him now," said Edith, "unless," with a roguish look, "you particularly wish me to do so."

He did not answer, except to fold her more closely in his arms, and kiss the red lips so temptingly near.

"Edith, I have a confession to make that may alter your mind in regard to Mr. Chester. I am the man that you have just said you would not marry! The fact is, I saw you before you started for Seaton, and when your father told me that you had rather romantic notions on the subject of love, we entered into a plot against you. Fate seemed to favor me; and, after all, it was much nicer, wasn't it?"

But Edith told him he was a wretch, and that she would never forgive him. We rather think she changed her mind, though as there was a wedding at Mr. Darling's in a few weeks, at which Miss Edith changed her name, not to Smith, but to Chester.

The Fatal Error.

BY E M R.

I NEVER thought to die and leave her penniless. I never thought——"

And here a sharp sudden spasm seemed to take away the voice of the dying man; he gasped for breath, and his wandering fingers seemed to grope blindly in the dark, while little Ellie burst out into sobs as she clung wildly round his neck.

Mr. and Mrs. Montrey looked blankly at one another. Mrs. Montrey untied the bonnet-strings that seemed momentarily to choke her.

"It can't be——" hesitated Mrs. Montrey, in a low tone, with an inquiring elevation of her eyebrows.

"It must be," nodded her husband.

And Ellie Hanscombe, throwing herself wildly upon the corpse that a moment ago had been her living loving father cried out—

"Dead! dead! Oh, bring him back to life some one! Don't let them take him away from me!"

And then the poor child fainted.

"My dear," said Mr. Montrey to his wife, "I'm afraid this is a bad business."

"My dear," said Mrs. Montrey to her husband, "we have been under a mistake all along."

And they rang the bell for the hotel-chamber-maid to come and "look after" the forlorn young orphan.

For Mrs. Montrey who had "dearest" and "darling," and "sweetest one" for poor Ellie for the last three days, under the impression that she was an embryo heiress, had suddenly grown cold since Henry Hanscombe's dying speech had produced so different a conviction in her mind.

"Do you think that we are under any special obligation to take charge of her?" Mrs. Montrey asked on the day of the funeral, when poor Ellie sat in her deep mourning alone in the room in which her father had died.

Mr. Montrey looked dubious. He had just been examining the papers of the deceased.

"I am convinced, my dear," he said, "that we have been kept systematically in the dark as to my cousin Henry's affairs. He allowed us—wickedly allowed us, as I may say—to suppose him a man of wealth, and here he has actually had the presumption, my dear, to go and die, and leave a great girl on our hands! A girl to be fed, and clothed, and educated, and—and all sorts of things, Mrs. Montrey."

But in this account of the existing state of affairs, Mr. Montrey entirely omitted to mention that he had hurried from a distant part of the country to his relative's dying bedside, without any summons—there he had volunteered of his own accord to take the pretty orphan in charge, and there he had fawned on Henry Hanscombe after the most obsequious manner, finally believing in his wealth.

And now, after all, to be disappointed, it was a bitter cup to quaff.

"It's the most unheard of thing that ever transpired within my knowledge," said Mrs. Montrey. "But, of course, we can't be held responsible; and it's my duty to tell the girl so at once, and prevent any misunderstanding on the subject."

She rang the bell and ordered the servant to tell Miss Hanscombe to attend her in the blue parlor.

Ellie came, a fair, shrinking young creature, with soft blue eyes, a rose-fair complexion, and features cast after the pure Grecian type, straight, clean cut, and aristocratic.

"Ellie," said Mrs. Montrey, sourly.

The orphan glanced timidly up.

She could not comprehend why Mrs. Montrey's tone had so radically changed towards her during the last twenty-four hours.

"Yes, Mrs Montrey."

"Mr. Montrey and I have been talking your sad case over. It is nothing extraordinary, in fact, it occurs every day, and you may as well follow the example of others, in a like predicament, and decide at once what you will do."

Ellie looked a little surprised.

"I thought," she hesitated "that I was to live with you?"

Mrs. Montrey compressed her lips.

"Of course, you cannot expect to eat the bread of idleness," she enunciated; "Mr. Montrey and I are merely distant relations. That we have kindly interested ourselves in you so far, is more than could have been expected. Don't stare so," she added, with some irritation in her voice and manner, "is there anything so very extraordinary in what I have been saying?"

"I think there is," Ellie said, in a sort of choked voice. "I think——"

She checked herself, but her eyes were brimming over with tears and her lip quivering.

"I do wish you wouldn't make such a baby of yourself," said Mrs. Montrey, sharply. "Look the matter straight in the face at once; you will have to do so sooner or later. Mr. Montrey finds by examination of all the papers your deceased father has left," Ellie shuddered involuntarily, as if some cruel hand had been laid on an exposed nerve, "that all the property you will inherit amounts to only a hundred or so, and you will be compelled to do something to earn an honest living at once. Mr. Montrey and I certainly shall not support you. Mr. Hanscombe must have been improvident and extravagant to the last degree, not to——"

But Ellie's pallid face and upraised hand checked Mrs. Montrey's further speech.

"Hush!" the orphan cried, passionately, "you shall not cast the shadow of one reproachful word upon my dear dead father's memory. He was too noble and too good for one like you to comprehend his nature. He——"

But here she stopped, the breath fluttering on her lips, like a wounded bird.

"Upon my word!" Mrs. Montrey ejaculated, bristling up, and turning scarlet, "I might have expected this impertinence, but I will not endure this from a penniless beggar like you. Go to your room at once, Ellie Hanscombe, and remain there until I and Mr. Montrey have had time to talk over this very extraordinary and unlooked for state of things."

And Ellie obeyed, weeping in solitude the bitterest tears that she, a tender father's spoiled darling, had ever known.

Not until the next day did Mr. and Mrs. Montrey deign to announce their final decision in the matter.

"There is a lady here," said the former, sonorously clearing his throat, "who wants a well-bred and lady-like young person, not altogether without education, to take charge of her four little girls. The wages—ahem, I mean the salary—will be of course small at first, but the position is unexceptionably genteel, and I think, my dear," with a side-long glance at his wife, "that our young relative could scarcely do better than to accept it."

But Ellie shook her head with quiet dignity.

"I do not think," she said, "that papa would have been willing for me to assume a menial place."

Mrs. Montrey rolled up her small blue eyes in holy horror, and elevated her hands to correspond.

"A menial place! Your papa! Well, I should like to know what some people expect! But you won't live upon Mr Montrey and myself, that I can promise you!"

"I would die sooner than eat a morsel of your bread!" Ellie answered, defiantly.

"It's a great deal easier to talk about dying than it is to die," said Mr. Montrey, acidly. "And what I may ask do you propose to do?"

"I don't know," Ellie said, growing pale as the utter loneliness of her position flashed itself upon her. "Papa telegraphed last week to my uncle Edward——"

"Exactly so!" interrupted Mr. Montrey, with a countenence of intense relief. "Your uncle Edward to be sure—the very person to take charge of you. Only I suppose he was off somewhere on the other side of the globe."

Ellie supposed so too, especially as no answer had as yet arrived to the summons of the dying man; but she said nothing, only stood with drooping head, clasped hands, and lily pale face.

At this very moment the door swung swiftly open, and a short stout man, with a shining bald head and a bronzed face strode into the room.

"Ha!—my niece," he said, abruptly. "And my cousin Montrey and her husband? So poor Hanscombe has gone, eh! But I couldn't get here an hour sooner. I've travelled day and night—day and night."

As he spoke the words he took Ellie unceremoniously in his arms and kissed her.

"I know by experience, my dear," he said, in a tone gentler than his brown face and brusque manner would lead one to anticipate, "what it is to be left an orphan; but in your case you have the advantage of wealth to smooth the road of life. I was poor."

"Eh!" cried Mr. Montrey.

"Mr. Edward Hanscombe is quite mistaken," said Mrs. Montrey, tossing her head and smoothing down an invisible crease in her black silk dress. "Cousin Hanscombe died without leaving——"

"He died leaving a fortune of a hundred thousand to his girl," interrupted Mr Hanscombe, "of which I happen to be the trustee."

Mr. and Mrs. Montrey exchanged astonished glances.

Could it be that they had so woefully misinterpreted the last unfinished sentence of the dying man?

Was Ellie an heiress after all? and had they the wealth worshippers, defeated their own ends?

But it was in vain to retrace their footsteps now.

Mr. Hanscombe, evidently put in possession of the facts of the case by his niece, treated the worthy couple with ill concealed contempt when next they met, and took Ellie away with him within a week to complete her education.

And the Montreys had the satisfaction of knowing that they had made a fatal mistake.

A letter from Leadville, Col., says that notwithstanding all the theories and boasts, there is no rule of nature taught by science that has not been violated in the mineral discoveries there. A sailor or a bootblack is as apt to strike luck as anybody else.

BACK TO HER CHILDHOOD'S HOME.

BY MRS. MARY E. NAIL.

Back again to the home of her childhood;
Happy scene of life's beautiful hours;
Where, gay as the birds of the wildwood,
And fair as the fairest of flowers,
The dear little feet used to wander
Along on the banks of the stream,
Not pausing a moment to ponder—
For life was a fanciful dream.

Years passed, and the fair little maiden
Grew happier all the day long;
Her arms with life's roses were laden,
Her soul was a kingdom of song;
Till at length on the threshold she faltered—
Of womanhood's magical shrine—
For, alas! her bright visions were altered;
Ah! pitiless footsteps of Time.

Oh! why were those dark shadows stealing
And hiding the sunlight away?
Why was not life's summer revealing
Some lingering blossoms of May?
Must the hope of the morning be blighted
So long ere the hour of noon?
Must the dear one in whom we delighted
Be drooping and fading so soon?

Yes, Death came, and while we were weeping,
We knew the pure spirit had fled;
For the lov'd form that seemed to be sleeping,
Was pulseless, and silent, and dead.
And back to the home of her childhood
We brought our beloved one day;
And 'neath the sweet flowers of the wildwood
Is sleeping the beautiful clay.

Two Summers.

BY L. M. S.

MABEL SUMMERS was standing on the upper balcony of the hotel, looking most sweet and fair to Harold Cline's admiring gaze.

He had been waiting for her to come, perhaps half an hour or more, and now he came forward to meet her—this charming woman girl who had been taught by him the sweetest lesson of her young life

"The evening is too beautiful to waste. Have you your shawl Mabel?—for I want to take you for a ride up the avenue and back before dinner."

There was something in the tones of his voice that stirred the girl's heart to its very foundation.

"I would be delighted to go, Mr. Cline; but——"

"There can be no possible reason" he interrupted "why you should not go with me. The horses are waiting, I am waiting," he went on laughingly, "and there is no reason why you should not make me the happiest man on the road. Besides, there is something I want to tell you."

A faint flush mounted to her white temples, and despite her grave self possession, he saw the quivering of the lithe slender frame, every pulse in which suddenly quickened at his suggestive, low-spoken words—words she had been expecting, hoping he would say many a time in that beautiful, enchanted summer-time.

"I was thinking perhaps aunt Ellen would want me to read to her when she wakened; I will see if she is sleeping yet, and—perhaps I can go. I would like to go, very much."

She had to pass him closely to enter the door of the corridor leading to Mrs. Drane's rooms; and he looked at her eagerly, arresting her progress for one second by his impetuous words.

"The absurdity of your having to beg permission to go here and there, or do this and that—you, who ought to sit on a regal throne and issue your edicts! There, go and see if Mrs. Drane can spare you."

She went slowly along the corridor, her heart beating, her face pale with emotion, all her senses in a rapturous whirl, because of the look in Cline's eyes as he had said the words that had sounded so blissfully sweet to her.

She had cared so dearly for him almost from the first of their acquaintance, and Mrs. Drane had been so enraptured with Cline's marked attentions to her portionless niece to whom, as a matter of sacred duty, she was performing the great and expensive kindness of giving a season at fashionable resorts in order that Mabel might at least have a good chance for a husband

But this time, Mrs. Drane could not let Mabel go for such a long while as a drive would consume; and perhaps it was as much a stroke of shrewd policy as anything else, hoping to whet the suitor's appetite to a keener edge, that she told Mabel she must tell Mr. Cline that it would not be worth while to start, as Mabel must be back in half an hour.

"But I demand the half-hour then. I'll send the horses back, and we'll have a stroll on the sands."

So they went down on the smooth, moist sands, and more than one pair of envious eyes followed them.

"The sea is so beautiful—will it ever be as beautiful to us again?"

He had taken her hand through his arm, and was leading her along leisurely, the surf rolling in white foam at their very feet.

"I hope so, next summer."

Somehow, the casual remark he made embarrassed her, but she quietly returned a few matter-of-fact words, wondering if his thoughts were as different from what he said as were hers.

A sudden stormy look drifted over his face.

"Ah, next summer! Why cannot time pause just where it is, and leave us the happiness we are enjoying? I never again shall see another such summer-time. I shall have to say good bye to-morrow."

He felt the almost imperceptible start she gave, leaning on his arm, then suddenly stooping to pick up a brilliant wave washed shell left at her feet.

"To-morrow?"

She repeated it calmly enough it seemed to him, while she wondered if it sounded like the surge of a funeral hymn to him.

"And I am so disappointed that I am sent for, but, as I said there is so little sunshine on my path that I daresay I ought to be so thankful for that which you have given me of late, that I ought not to murmur because I must leave—heaven!"

He added that word with a sway and thrill of tone that stirred her very heart with mad, despairing ecstasy.

"And next summer," he resumed, quite matter of factly, "it is very much more than probable that I shall have the pleasure of seeing you again, under the same delightful circumstances that have marked the past season."

She said not a word, but all the words in the language could not have expressed what was in her heart.

"I think I see auntie's signal for my return. We will go, if you please."

That was all she said, but it was maddening to him to see the perfect, cold self-possession in her—this girl he was too much interested in to have her so different, whom he had not fully made up his mind he wanted to marry.

He admired her beyond any woman he had seen—that truth he admitted positively.

She would do honor to his taste, be a credit and pride to him, and she certainly loved him; but Kate Parke was of a better family, and moved in his own circle of society, had a fortune to match his own, and people generally looked upon an engagement between them as a foregone conclusion.

This was the way they parted—this handsome, selfish man, who had taught this girl the two chief lessons of a woman's life—to love and to suffer.

And while Harold Cline went away, half ashamed of himself, half regretting his actions, and wholly out of temper, cross and disgusted generally, Mabel lay sobbing in her bed, so sure that all the sweetness was for ever gone from her young life because one man had been so cruelly kind.

A fortnight later, somebody showed her Harold Cline's marriage to Kate Parke, and the announcement of the departure of bridal pair.

Another fortnight later, the news came that the "City of Rome" had gone down, and of a few souls left to tell the harrowing story, Harold Cline was one.

And his bride—was not!

* * * * * *

The next summer was come, the July sunshine shining across the waves, the surf creeping up on the level sands, and Harold Cline standing on the balcony of the hotel, twenty minutes after his arrival.

Almost the first familiar face he saw was one that thrilled him to the soul, one he had never forgotten day or night, before and since the cruel sea had closed over his bride-wife—Mabel's face, sweet, perfect as ever, just a trifle more serious, more mature, but, as before time, the face of faces, the woman of women, to touch his very inmost soul.

And not married! Thank God, not married, and that meant a hope for him

A hope and a fierce resolution that swayed him dizzily as she came nearer, not yet seeing him.

She was entirely alone, and he watched for the look of flushed surprise that he knew would brighten her face; then to be followed by *hauteur* and coldness, for he fully understood the usual workings of a woman's heart.

And he would be wise, and patient, and determined.

All of a sudden she lifted her eyes and saw him, and, just as he had predicted, a dainty roseate flush dawned surprisingly on her cheeks.

"Miss Summers, this is indeed a charming surprise."

She bowed, and reluctantly touched his outstretched hand with her finger tips, and the cold, proud look he also had anticipated crept into her eyes.

"It is certainly a surprise; you arrived very lately, I presume?"

"Less than an hour ago, and—do you know, I looked upon it as a prophetic sign of a blessed fate for me that your name was the first I heard mentioned; your face the first I recognized?"

The flush on her face deepened slightly, and the proud iciness increased as well.

"It's hardly remarkable, Mr. Cline. You might have known to a certainty we would be where aunt has spent every summer for years."

He would not let himself notice the quiet, repelling sarcasm of her voice.

"But you will recall last summer, and agree with me."

She lifted her brows.

"Last summer? Last summer I don't recollect anything special—oh, yes, I do remember. You were married in the last summer, I believe."

He bit his lips nervously.

"I was married in September, if you call that summer-time. My wife is dead; you know that, and I have my life to begin over again. I wish to begin where I left off—the happiest time in all my life, when you and I were dearest friends, Mabel. Is it not only possible, but probable, and even an actuality, that you and I can go back to that summer night when——"

She threw her head haughtily back, and smiled radiantly, so that all the hope in him was inflamed.

"That summer night when it seemed to me you had wrecked my life, Mr. Cline," she interrupted; "that night to which I look back now as the blessed salvation of my life, which, to-morrow, one year from the hour you deliberately said the cruel words your conscience must have scourged you for, I shall give into the keeping of the man I love, respect, and honor; to begin, as you are beginning, a new life, into which no thought of you will ever come."

She inclined her head slightly, gathered up her train, and walked leisurely towards a stately, handsome gentleman, grave, refined, who was waiting for her with a look of welcome on his face and a passion of tenderness in his eyes.

And Harold Cline realized, even more keenly than he had thought it possible, that to one who sows the wind the harvest must come.

CALCUTTA ETIQUETTE.—Among the customs of Calcutta, that differ from the customs of other civilised parts of the world, none strikes the stranger so immediately as the etiquette introductions. In England, when a person locates himself in a new neighborhood, his neighbors, and such as are within an accessible distance, call upon him: courtesy prescribes that he should be received with this attention; and a future intimacy is left to the mutual inclination of the parties. In India, it is precisely the reverse: the stranger is left to make the first advances, and under all the disadvantages of an entire ignorance of the habits of the people, and even the language of the country. One of the consequences is ludicrous enough. Society being limited, parties are in the weekly, perhaps daily, habit of meeting in public, and in private, but don't "know" each other. The older Indian cannot think of breaking through "the custom," and the younger, having accomplished the disagreeable but absolutely necessary task of making a few acquaintances for himself, shrinks from doing more in the way of trespassing where society has set up a fence. What was the origin of this reversal of the order of things? It is a barbarous innovation, and the sooner it is scouted the better. A persuasive way in which to put this is, to ask any old Indian to imagine himself returning home and setting among strangers. What would he think were he left without an acquaintance till he had done violence to his Indian prejudices and habits by going the round of all those with whom it would be agreeable to be acquainted? Yet *his* habits and prejudices could not be stronger than those of other gentlemen, accustomed to be sought, and not to have to seek.

SOME time ago, some corn meal mixed with arsenic was set in a yard, to exterminate the many rats which were infesting it. The plate of poison was soon surrounded with rats, each one eager to obtain its full share. At length one much larger, and apparently much older, than the rest made his appearance, walked cautiously around the festive group, snuffed the air, then advanced closely, tested the morsel, and by a significant wave of the nose caused the other members of the party to withdraw to a respectful distance until his appetite was satisfied. The next day a neighboring cat took her accustomed position on the dividing fence, where she had been frequently seen to pounce upon the unwary animals and carry them across the fence to her family. She was not stationed long before her tail began to twitch nervously from side to side, and every muscle in her system seemed to be in motion. She glided softly down the side of the fence and across the yard until she confronted the rat; with their heads not more than eight inches apart, both cat and rat stood motionless, and coolly surveyed each other for a minute or two, when the rat started for its hole unpursued. The rat showed signs of sickness, by its ruffled coat, and there is no doubt but that the cat's instinct was sufficient to warn her of the danger of taking poisoned rat.

THE people of France and Germany ought to be heartily tired of the military regime which keeps the two nations in a constant state of anxious rivalry with regard to their respective military strength. The belief that the German army is ready for war to the last button is not accepted as a fact by the French, and it is asserted that a large number of the Prussian infantry lost their boots the other day in the mud at the Strasburg review, and were obliged to file before the Emperor barefooted. The incident has, of course, afforded much amusement in French military circles.

Scientific and Useful.

THE STATURE OF MAN.—A committee of the British Association have demonstrated that man attains the full stature in the professional class at 21 years of age, and in the artisan class between 25 and 30 years.

TELEGRAPHIC IMPROVEMENTS.—A German professor in the Observatory of Gottingen, is said to have invented a telegraphic device by which eight different messages may be sent by one wire at the same time, and printed separately and simultaneously by means of an apparatus at the receiving end.

LIGHTNING AND HAIL.—Investigators have found that watery particles in mists may remain liquid at 6 5 deg. Fahrenheit, and even at 4 deg. Fahrenheit, provided there is no sudden shock. It is now shown that, if, during this condition of superfusion, there is a sudden shock, such as that produced by the discharge of electricity, the separating force disappears, and a union of particles takes place, forming hailstones of various sizes.

ROCKETS AS SIGNALS.—Rockets of different kinds to be used as signals have been tried with satisfactory results. The distress signal is fired from a socket fixed to the deck or bulwarks of a ship; it rises to a height of six hundred feet, then bursts with a bright light, which can be seen at seven miles' distance, and a report loud enough to be heard at thirteen miles. Of another kind is the sound signal intended as a warning to ships where there is risk of collision; and another is a sound signal for use on shore in darkness or in foggy weather.

MODERN EXPLORATION.—The Abbe Meigne, editor of *Les Mondes*, having adopted the theory that the Israelites on their memorable exodus from Egypt crossed the Red Sea near Lake Timsah, asks the whole Christian world to subscribe the necessary funds—some $20,000—to enable the necessary excavations to be made, and "the relics of the army overcome by the Almighty Himself brought to light." A branch expedition is to seek for the aerolites which fell from heaven in the famous battle gained by Joshua over Adonizedek and his four allies, and which covered the soil about Bethoron. M. Meigne suggests that the sale of these stones would to a large extent cover the expenses of the work of exploration.

GAS LEAKS.—At such times the gas should be shut off from the house at the meter. The windows of the room should be thrown down at the top and the door opened, provided the draught is from the door to the windows, otherwise the door had better be left closed. The cocks on the gas fixtures should be examined to see if any of them are turned on. The locality of a leak can be found by the odor of the gas when it is turned on at the meter again. Sometimes gas will leak around the base of fixtures where they are screwed on the house pipes. In any such case, where it is necessary to stop a leak on short notice, a little common soap, not too dry, may be plastered over the aperture. In many cases a piece of newspaper, several folds in thickness and wetted so as to form a soft wad, may be put over the leak and tied on so as to temporarily stop it. These are only expedients for use in an emergency.

Farm and Garden.

GAS TAR.—A farmer who has tried it speaks in the highest praise of gas tar for painting wagon wheels, stating that it tightens tires and spokes better than anything else that can be tried.

FINE SEEDS.—The Darwinian maxim that the heaviest and finest seeds tend to produce the finest plants has found support in observations and tests made on turnip seeds. Large seeds gave a product of 2 pounds 7 ounces per seed, against 2 pounds 1½ ounces in the case of small seeds.

GARDEN BEDS.—Garden beds are rarely dug deep enough, and the manure used is oftentimes so fresh from the stable that it burns the seed. Seeds planted in such soil might as well be thrown in the fire. The manure which has either rotted in the heap or has been used as a protection on beds during the winter, and hen-dung, make a rich and acceptable soil for most descriptions of flowers.

PASTURE LANDS.—Improve your pasture lands. No part of your farm pays so well. This coming spring put ten, twenty or fifty more acres of the farm in pasture. Plow the ground well, harrow it fine, and sow clover, timothy, red-top and orchard grass on it. Keep off the stock the first summer, or for the first three or four months, and you will soon have a pasture that will add greatly to the value of the farm and to the condition of your stock. For winter pasturage, sow orchard grass and blue grass seed.

THE HORSES OF NORWAY.—Laing, in his travels in Norway, says that the horses in that country have a very sensible way of taking their food. Instead of swilling themselves with a pailful of water at a draught, no doubt from the fear of not getting any again, and then overgorging themselves for the same reason, they have a bucket of water put down beside their allowance of hay. It is amusing to see with what relish they take a sip of the one and a mouthful of the other alternately, sometimes only moistening their mouths, as a rational being would do while eating a dinner of such dry food. A broken-winded horse is scarcely ever seen in Norway.

BALKY HORSES.—The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals recommends the following rules for the treatment of balky horses: 1. Pat the horse upon the neck, examine the harness carefully, first on one side and then on the other, speaking encouragingly while doing so; then jump into the wagon and give the word go; generally he will obey. 2. A teamster in Maine says he can start the worst balky horse by taking him out of the shafts and making him go round in a circle till he is giddy. If the first dance of this sort doesn't cure him, the second will. 3. To cure a balky horse, simply place your hand over the horse's nose and shut off his wind till he wants to go, and then let him go.

WASTING WEALTH.—How strange it is to see men so persistently wasting a sovereign remedy. As the frosty mornings come on, when we look at the manure piles, we see a faint bluish mist rising from the centre of a snow-white cap of delicate frost work. What's the cause of it? It's very plain that nature has begun to think of next year's crops; she knows the land has been over-cropped, and that it needs manure, and, with her usual foresight, she is preparing against time of need. If the farmer will row pile up all his manure into heaps nature will work like a beaver until spring. Then let the farmer haul his sovereign remedy to his land, and hard times will vanish from the face thereof.

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SATURDAY EVENING, NOV. 1, 1879.

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ACTIVITY NOT ENERGY.

THERE are some men whose failure to succeed in life is a problem to others as well as to themselves. They are industrious, prudent, and economical; yet, after a long life of striving, old age finds them still poor. They complain of ill luck. They say that fate is always against them. But the fact is that they miscarry, because they have mistaken mere activity for energy. Confounding two things essentially different, they have supposed that if they were always busy they would be certain to be advancing their fortunes. They have forgotten that misdirected labor is but waste of activity. The person who would succeed is like a marksman firing at a target; if his shots miss the mark they are a waste of powder. So in the great game of life, what a man does must be made to count, or might almost as well have been left undone. Everybody knows some one in his circle of friends who, though always active, has this want of energy. The distemper, if we may call it such, exhibits itself in various ways. In some cases the man has merely an executive capacity when he should have a directive one—in other language, he makes a capital clerk of himself when he ought to do the thinking of the business. In other cases, what is done is not done either at the right time or in the right way. Energy, correctly understood, is activity proportioned to the end.

THAT person is to be pitied—for what he lacks by nature or has missed in experience—who can see the course of true love without in his heart giving the lovers his gladdest benediction. But no one can give better proof of a vulgar taste than by making the love affairs of other people the subject of flippant or familiar talk, especially in their presence. Flirtation that has no heart in it, and puppyish love making that has no head in it, are entitled to no special consideration. But any true attraction between a young man and young woman so touches the holiest experience of life, that none but rude hands will tear the veil away from it, or drag it from its privacy into giggling gossip. We abominate the gushing people who wear their hearts upon their sleeves, but we too often seem to think it quite the thing to lay hold of the sensitive friendship that we see blossoming into love, and toss it up in conversation, and joke about it, as if it were just as fit a target for the town talk as a cattle trade, or a concert, or a lawsuit. Such treatment of love affairs tends to drive them out of the wholesome sunlight of family and neighborly life into all sorts of hiding places that are not good for them.

NEVER deceive for the sake of a foolish jest, or to excite the laughter of a few companions, at the expense of a friend. Be anxious when you relate anything to tell it just as it occurred. Never vary in the least degree. The reason why our ears are so often saluted by false reports is because people in telling real things add a little to them, and as they pass through a dozen mouths the original stories are turned into something entirely different. So when you attempt to tell anything that you have seen with your own eyes, relate it correctly in every particular, and as you grow older you will reap the advantage of this course.

SANCTUM CHAT.

DR. CHEATHAM recommends the use of sulphate of eserine as a means of delaying the use of spectacles, so that they will not be required for several years, this alkaloid having the power of stimulating the ciliary muscle, and thus assisting accommodation; the strength of solution recommended is one grain of sulphate of eserine in an ounce of water. One drop of this solution is to be put in the eye at night, or when required.

—

ANOTHER attempt to abolish the Jewish Sabbath, or, rather to unite it with the Christian Sunday, so that the Hebrews will not be at the disadvantage of doing business but five instead of six days in the week, will probably be made at an approaching conference in London. Nearly all the synagogues in Europe will be represented at this meeting, and the general opinion seems to be that this change is only a matter of time.

—

IT is stated that the climate of Cyprus, which is now acknowledged to be bad, has been ruined by the reckless destruction of forests, the trees having been felled or killed mainly for the purpose of obtaining rosin. Mr. Wild, of the Indian Forest Department, thinks that by careful attention to the planting and preservation of trees the damage wrought by centuries of misrule may be remedied in the course of fifty or sixty years.

—

BRAZIL is about to send envoys to China for a supply of coolies. Slave labor is not so profitable, since the late famine has considerably reduced the population; in some provinces the country is not suited to a European emigration, and unless a supply of good labor can be obtained from some quarter, the Brazilian revenues seem likely to fall off. It is quite probable that the Chinese may find not only in Brazil, but throughout South America, the outlet they need for their surplus population.

—

VERY few ladies know the origin of the word polonaise, which is applied to that part of their dress that has been so fashionable for the last few years. The name, like the shape of the gown, is revived from the eighteenth century, when it was applied to it in honor of Mary Leczinska, the wife of Louis XV. But why is it since Louis XV. and Louis XVI. dresses are the fashion more than ever that some enterprising lady has not yet adopted the "manteau abbe de cour," tucked up around the waist in the shape of a skirt? Made up of Pompadour stuff over a silk petticoat, it would revive one of the loveliest costumes ever seen.

—

SOME female philanthropist in Chicago, being instigated thereto by a desire to promote harmony, and not by financial considerations, has organized a "servant-girl reform," whose chief feature is that all servants are to be paid the same wages for the same sort of work, regardless of experience, skill or value. For instance, in families of eight or ten, cooks are to have $4 a week, whether they are worth it or not; in families of five or six, $3; in small families where the ladies of the house assist, $2 50. This arrangement will be very nice for incompetent or indolent servants, but it does not seem to offer a high premium for intelligence, special training, fidelity, or industry.

—

THE Bishop of Manchester, England, has just paid a high compliment to the American school system in his inaugural address, delivered before the twenty third annual Congress of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science, at Manchester, a short time since. Speaking on the educational question, he said: "The next step onward, which I think all the more earnest friends of education desire to see taken, is that which struck me so forcibly as the strongest merit of the great American system of public schools, and which I recommended to the consideration of the Schools Inquiry Commission in the year 1865. I refer to the gradation of schools."

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Almost the universal article used on the Continent for kindling fires are dry pine cones. A couple of these is usually enough to start a fire of dry wood, and several of them contain enough resinous material to start a coal fire without other kindling. They are readily ignited with a match, and are free from dust and insects. In Paris, and other large cities on the Continent, scarcely any other than pine cones are used for kindling purposes in the hotels, and it is a wonder to see that they have not been introduced for the same purpose here. We believe a large and profitable business might be made from gathering the cones in pine growing regions, and selling them in our cities.

—

THE cook of Emperor William is a fickle Parisian, with whom His Majesty has had several quarrels since the Franco German war, owing to the cook's irrepressible patriotism. Several times he has been discharged, and each time taken back into favor, owing to the imperial love of the French cuisine. After the last scrimmage the chef offered to return on the following conditions only: "Majesty, if I am not allowed my liberty in the kitchen, I shall leave your service, and for the last time, because neither my health nor my peace can stand this incessant wrangling!" The Emperor smiled and submitted, being really attached to the chef, who has been with him for many years, and has grown rich.

—

AN English workman thus testifies in the English Mechanic: "In very many things our manufactures are not fit to be shown in the same street with American ones; and this is not merely in knick-knacks and little ingenuities, as to which it is tolerably evident we have no pretention to enter into comparison. I only invite any one who doubts my statement to compare such a rough, common matter as 'cut nails.' Our rubbish, with half of them split up, which tends to turn round in the wood and split it, and with conical heads, looks very poor against the straight, clean nails, with well-formed heads, which the Americans used to send to Australia, and which, when I had once seen them, prevented me from ever buying an English nail again as long as I could get the American ones."

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THE superb mansion known in the West End of London ironically as "Grant's Folly," will be put up for public auction. It was built by Mr. Albert Grant in his most flourishing day for $350,000, and comprises an immense house, the reception hall of which is the most magnificent in London. Skating rink, vineries, orangeries, and greenhouses are in the garden, not to speak of a large artificial lake in the centre. Several projects were on hand for dividing it among the creditors. One was to sell it to the Duke of Connaught, but that failing, they tried to sell it to some enterprising contractor, who would pull it down and build smaller houses upon the site. No one coming forward for that, the creditors are going to put it up for auction, when it is expected it will sell for a third of the building-money spent upon it.

—

THE annoying casualty which confined Judge Noah Davis to a sick-room the other day might have been avoided if the eminent jurist had paid as much attention to the small as to the large things of life. The poison ivy and the innocuous kind differ in one particular which is too easy of remembrance to be overlooked by any one who is enough interested in the brilliant hued leaves of autumn to care for gathering them: the leaves of the former grow in clusters of three, and those of the latter in fives. As somebody has suggested in a juvenile story-book, every child should be taught to associate the five leaves in a cluster with the fingers on the human hand, and given to understand that when these numbers agree they can be brought into contact with perfect safety. It may spare our readers no little suffering to bear this point in mind during their October rambles in the fields.

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THE Belgian system of towing is to be tried on the Erie canal. Ten steamers are nearly finished, and shortly one hundred miles of cable, extending from Buffalo eastward, will be in complete working order. Two wire cables, each one inch in diameter, are laid along the bottom of the canal, from lock to lock. The steam tow-boat has a clip-drum or grooved driving wheel, with suitable guiding and tightening pulleys placed upon one side of the boat, above the water-line. The process of towing is performed by lifting the cable from the bottom of the canal by means of a grapple, and placing it over the clip-drum. The drum is then put in motion (turned) by an engine in the towboat, causing the cable to pass over it without slipping and fall back again into the canal at the stern of the towboat. The train in tow follows like a train of cars.

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IT is not generally known that in two instances at least did Signora Ristori actually save the life of men condemned to death. The first occasion was in Spain, under the premiership of Marshal Narvaez, when a private called Nicholas Chapado was to be shot the following morning for striking his commanding officer, and the liberal party wanted his life to be spared, while the Marshal had pledged his word that it should not. The great actress went on her knees to him in his box at the theatre, as she saw him softened by her admirable performance and succeeded in carrying her point. Some five years after she saw the rescued private in his prison and obtained his definitive release, when he entered her service as footman. The other occasion was in 1874, when she obtained from the President of the Chilean Republic the life of a man called Munoz.

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A QUESTION of nearly ten years' standing has at last been disposed of in Boston. It is the woman question which has so long obtruded itself into the deliberations of the State Medical Society. Attempts have repeatedly been made to secure the admission of women to membership, but conservatism, always of a rigid type in this organization, turned coldly away each time from the proposed innovation. Year by year a progressive spirit has gained ground among the ranks of younger members, and at the last meeting of the Council the Board of Censors were very quietly directed to examine all female applicants for admission. The young members are very happy over their victory; the older ones accept it with what good nature they can, but insist that it does not concern the public, and the less that is said about it the better.

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THE latest novelty in the way of improved suburban dwellings is the Bedford Park estate, a few miles from London. The houses are built in the Queen Anne style, and are wonderfully quaint and pretty, especially where the roads wind, and the dwellings are overshadowed by gnarled and twisted old trees, or embowered in groups of magnificent willows. Almost every house, while agreeing perfectly in general character and appearance with the others, presents a different aspect and varying outlines very pleasing to the eye. In the midst of the park is an elegant club house for the use of the residents and their friends, in which there are billiard, reading, card, dining, dancing and lecture rooms, and a special drawing room for ladies. All the dwellings were leased before completion, the occupants in the main being artists and people connected with art education.

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A CURIOUS STORY of vitriol throwing, which comes from the South of France, is connected with a name well known in London musical society. She was young, energetic, dark and Southern and in love. He was fickle, and, according to the lady's account, addicted to the vile practice of making free with the reputation of ladies who had shown him even innocent favor. She warned him that if he continued to take liberties with her name she would do herself rough justice; but the man's gossip was not the chief grievance, I understand, for when the abominable vitriol was at last thrown it not only blinded the unfortunate swain (destroying one eye and almost fatally injuring the other), but it splashed into the pretty face of the lady with whom he was walking, and made it safe, as regards rivalry, forever. So deeply did the jury sympathize with the girl's defence of her good name that, in spite of her confession of a full premeditation of two years' duration, they found her not guilty, and the strong minded Marseillaise was set at liberty on the spot.

LIFE AND DEATH.

BY W. D. SCOONES.

Life! What is Life, when thou, O Love, art dead?
Death! What is Death, if Love yet living be?
When thou, the soul, hast from the body fled,
What may the body's life avail to me?
Or why the body's ruin do I dread,
When thou, the soul, to heaven soarest free?
Love, art thou dead, I would not live, not I:
Love, art thou living, I can never die.

HALLOWE'EN,

-OR-

Sophy Langham's Dairy.

BY B. D. M.

MALDON HALL, October 27th, 1846.—We have been a week here to day, and I have never once opened my Diary. There is a blank in my book from that day, October 27. But as I have made a firm resolution to keep a faithful chronicle of this year, which is now fast waxing to its close, I must write retrospectively, recording the events which have filled the week omitted, as well as I can, from memory.

Our parting from mamma was a sad one We had never left her before, and both Margery and I feared she would be very lonely without us. We did not on that account, wish to accept Mrs. Langham's invitation, but our mother thought it best that we should; she had always regretted that we knew so little of my father's family, which was an ancient and wealthy one. It was their fault that we did not.

Because my father, the son of a younger son, was not rich, only possessing the pay of an officer in the army; and because he had married a country clergyman's daughter with only a moderate dowry, they scarcely took any notice of him, an occasional invitation for the shooting season even gradually growing less frequent, till it ceased.

Sir Jonathan Langham, his uncle, lived in great style at Maldon Hall, but after his death the maiden heiresses withdrew altogether from the world, and saw no one, not even intimate friends. We had forgotten their existence, when Miss Langham's letter of invitation to ourselves recalled them to our memories. It was really a very touching epistle, though simply and coldly worded.

In her advanced age she had lost her sister, and shortly after Miss Augusta's death, a singular mortality had deprived her of the two nephews who were next in succession to the property. "She was alone," she said, "in the world; and a yearning had come over her to see and make acquaintance with poor Frank Langham's children. Would my mother spare us to her for a few weeks?"

"Allow me, however," continued the writer, "to explain that it is not with any view as to the disposal of my fortune that I send this invitation. Unhappily, as I cannot forbear thinking, my father's will disposes of it, after the death of his daughters, to the next male heir, and this heir now appears to be a young Irishman, very distantly related; though by a pure descent he is one of the family. He is to visit me shortly."

My mother was decided in her resolution to let us go, by this part of the letter. Miss Langham could not ascribe our visit to any mercenery motive We could not incur by it a degrading suspicion; so we came to Maldon.

It was a cold autumn twilight when we entered the park; and a feeling of strange awe, a kind of misgiving of approaching evil, stole over me, as I watched the old trees bowing their heads solemnly towards us as if in token of a gloomy welcome. I shivered. Margery looked round at me and said, laughing, "Somebody is walking over your grave."

"A more poetical Arab reading of such creeping of the flesh is, that something evil is near us," I replied.

"Thanks, Sophy. I am the only person near you," she said merrily. "There! you shivering again! Are you cold?"

"No," said I, "but very melancholy. Is there not something saddening in this old place, whose ancient trees have sheltered so many of our race, long since gone home?"

"Not to me," said bright Margery. "I can but think what a splendid inheritance it is, and how I wish Miss Langham could leave it to me. Listen—there is a chime of church bells Is it in honor of our appearance at the ancestral hall, do you think?"

"No," said I. "The ringers are only practising."

"You are a strange mixture of the common place and sentimental, Sophy," said Margery. "Do the bells say nothing to you?"

"Only, Sophy and Margery, go home again!' to my ear, not being such an agreeable hearing as Whittington's was," said I.

Then Margery began an eager discussion about bells, and their varied voices, and how people always fancy they hear in them whatever they wish; which subject continued till we drove up to the hall door of Maldon.

It is a noble old pile; and as we stepped into the ancient hall, and glanced round at the pillars and arches, the old armor, and trophies of the chase, I could not help liking to feel that it had been the home of my ancestors.

A butler, whose age and appearance were in good keeping with the dwelling, ushered us into the grand library, lighted by a large glowing fire, near which sat a very old lady, who rose as we entered, and leaning on an ivory stick, advanced to greet us kindly.

A very stately person is Mrs. Langham of Maldon, and her manner is wonderfully courteous and gracious. I can use no other words. She led us to seats near the fire, and began a conversation by inquiring after the health of our mother, and assuring us that she felt grateful to mamma for permitting us to visit her.

"I knew your father very intimately in my youth," she said; "we were cousins, you know, but time and the changes of the world divided us. He was some years younger than myself, but he is gone first."

She sighed deeply, and gazed for a moment into the blazing fire, which cast a long flickering shadow of herself against the wall. Then turning her gaze full on us, she added, addressing me, "You must resemble your father."

"So mamma says," I replied; "Margery is exactly like her mother."

Miss Langham looked earnestly at my sister, and Margery blushed beneath the fixed gaze of the old lady

How beautiful my sister looked in the warm firelight There are few girls as lovely as Margery, and so Mrs. Langham must have thought, though she could not, of course express her admiration.

"I have two other guests besides yourselves," she said, after a pause. "The heir of Maldon, Mr Cornelius O Halloran, and a Langham—though of a remote branch They are out shooting, but will be introduced to you at dinner. Perhaps now you would like to go to your rooms and take off your bonnets."

We assented, and were conducted by Miss Langham herself to two charming bedrooms opening *en suite* with a small boudoir.

"These three rooms are at your disposal," she said. "Shall I send my maid to you?"

I declined with thanks; adding, that we had no lady's maid ourselves, and could dress without assistance, or at least, I added, "we help each other."

The old lady nodded approvingly, and walked away. We unpacked and prepared for dinner; but ever and anon between this occupation I walked to the window and looked out upon the park and the soft gray landscape beneath. A new charm was added to the latter in the near tower of a fine old church, which rose above the trees yet the feeling of depression which had stolen over me on our entrance into the park deepened as I looked out on the heritage of my family, and I thought that after all it was pleasanter to live in our mother's cheerful cottage and gaze upon our own bright flower beds and green lawn, with its one old oak, than on the gloomy and suggestive grandeur of an ancient and extensive park.

I was glad when Margery called me to assist her in dressing, for her light chat and anxiety as to how our dresses would look, drew my thoughts to cheerful commonplaces.

Very lovely Margery looked that evening I felt quite proud of the admiration I could perceive she excited.

Just before dinner the two gentlemen guests were introduced to us by Miss Langham. Her companion, a pleasant chatty person, and the rector, a rather pompous old gentleman, who could appreciate the powers of the Maldon cook so well that he talked very little, were of our party. The rector's silence was atoned for, however, by the ceaseless chatter—I can call it nothing else—of Mr. O'Halloran. He is the most astounding individual I ever met! Tall handsome and admirably dressed, he is nevertheless vulgar! Yes, the heir of Maldon would never be taken for a gentleman if one did not know his birth. However, he is evidently studying to acquire a good manner, and I could not help observing that he both watched and imitated Anthony Langham, who is as distinguished looking as a Langham could be.

I have learned since from Mrs. Moore, Mrs. Langham's companion, that the old lady is sensible of the want of refinement in her kinsman, and regrets the relationship If he had not made his appearance in the most unsuspected way, Maldon would have descended to Mr. Anthony Langham, as next male heir, and Mrs. Langham mourns over the entail which was to take effect after the death of herself and her sister. Still she is too high bred to let Mr. O'Halloran see that he displeases or disgusts her, and I fancy he even thinks himself a favorite

Mr. O'Halloran is much struck with Margery's beauty, and offers her the wildest homage, paying her compliments so personal as to be quite unpleasant. My sister blushes, and looks indignant; but he is stolid, and cannot see that he has offended. We do not see a great deal of him, that is a comfort, as he is shooting all day about the preserves, or rather, I fancy, talking to the gamekeepers, as Anthony says he is not a good shot.

Margery and I spend our mornings in our little boudoir, for Miss Langham sees no one till luncheon; then we write our letters, and do any little work we may require Girls who have no maids, and small wardrobes, must use some skill and industry to appear like ladies; and Margery has good taste and ingenuity, and can alter ribbons, and rearrange trimmings, till she makes one dress do the duty of two or three. But these toilette details are quite beneath the dignity of a dairy, so let me pass on to something else.

It is astonishing how fast monotonous days melt into each other, and leave no trace on the memory! I cannot now recall, and put in their right places, the little incidents, the sayings, doings, thoughts and feelings of the past week. So adieu, neglected Time! All the impression thou has left is just that I love Miss Langham, like her companion, detest the heir, and pity that charming young Langham, who should have been the master of the old place. He is all that the lord of such a heritage ought to be—manly, courteous, gentle, kind, and intelligent.

Margery does not share any horror of O'Halloran. She began by laughing at him; she now laughs with him, and actually declares that his eyes are very fine, and that he is handsomer than Anthony Langham! If it were any other girl but Margery, I should say she saw him through a golden glamor.

October 29.—We are all to have a large party here on Hallowe'en, the 31st, Miss Langham likes keeping up old customs, and we are to have all the weird rites of the charming evening carried out. She has presented Margery and me with new dresses for the occasion—very pretty ones they are.

My beautiful sister has evidently won the hearts of both our kinsmen. Anthony loves her, I can see, though he is kept from her side by the constant watchfulness of Mr O'Halloran; so, to console himself, he takes refuge with me, and admires her to me, and listen to my sister's praises with pleased smiles. Happy Margery! If she marries him she will be truly fortunate. I told her so this evening as we were dressing for dinner, but she only laughed, and said, "What should we live on, Sophy? He has only his wits for a dowry."

A nobler inheritance in my mind than Maldon itself.

Ah! how the wind howls and moans through the trees. The night is full of noises. Surely I heard a bolt opening downstairs. If it should be robbers!

I have listened some time with a beating heart, but there has been no repetition of the grating sound; it must have been my fancy, or the wind. I will close my book, say my prayers, and go to bed; it is silly to write so late with my fire just out, and my room gloomy from the feeble light of my candles It makes me nervous and fanciful; so good night, my diary.

November 1.—I resume my diary to-night, because I dare not enter in it by day the events of the past twenty four hours Margery might glance accidentally over my shoulder, or wonder what moved me so much, and ask questions impossible to answer. My hand shakes visibly as I write. Alas! I half regretted that my diary was so barren of incident; that the days were so monotonous and unmarked by any landmarks of memory. I have incident enough now to record, to my sorrow.

Hallowe'en came. A large party assembled in the stately saloon, opened for guests, for the first time in forty years. We had a grand dinner in the banquetting-room, at which Miss Langham did not preside, the rector taking her place, and after dinner we joined her in the drawing room, and began under her direction the magic rites of the evening We burned nuts together, having named them first, and read a laughing augury from their explosions or quiet combustion. We felt blindfolded for cups holding earth, water, emptiness and one a pocket pistol, these symbols being prophetic of our future husbands' professions; and Mr. O'Halloran loudly exclaimed against the truth of the oracles, when Margery put her little hands into the empty basin, which foreboded single life. The fun of the evening moved even Miss Langham to merry smiles. It must have seemed as if a glimpse of her youth had revisited her. During a pause she said, "There are some Hallowe'en rites more trying to the nerves than these; sowing hemp seed for example."

"What is that?" we asked simultaneously.

"The lady who questions Fate," she replied, "takes some hemp seed; goes at midnight to the churchyard, and sows it round the belfry tower from whence peals the marriage bells, and says:

Hemp seeds I sow you;
Hemp seeds I mow you;
And he that shall marry me,
Come after me and harrow me."

We laughed, and O'Halloran, who had appeared to better advantage under these livelier auspices, declared that he wished some of the ladies would try it. A universal exclamation of dislike to the experiment was answering him, when a footman entered, and approaching O'Halloran, told him that a person wished to speak to him on imperative business

I fancied that O'Halloran changed countenance a little, but he laughed still, and hoping that somebody would prove heroic, and try the hemp seed sowing, he left the room.

The conversation continued on the same subject; Miss Langham, with quiet humor, regretting that the courage of the young ladies of the nineteenth century was so much inferior to that of the damsels of ancient times, till, in playful daring, I offered to sow hemp seed myself. For a moment she hesitated, then she replied, "So you shall, Sophy! Only I stipulate that you shall wrap yourself in a large shawl, and sow your hemp seed running to keep yourself warm. The church is close at hand, and so private, shut into the grounds, that there is no real cause for fear.

"Surely you won't go, Miss Sophy!" was the general cry, and Mrs. Moore, approached me, remonstrated in a low tone, saying, that Miss Langham was a little childish on these points, and I had really better not go; but a sudden resolution possessed me to undertake the adventure, and I persisted in it.

About ten minutes or a quarter to twelve I left the hall alone, wrapt in a heavy woolen shawl which I drew over my head. I was followed by the good wishes and remonstrances of most of the guests, who escorted me to the door.

It was a bright moonlight night, and my shadow was cast on the gravel carriage road almost as distinctly as in the sunshine. The wind sighed mournfully through the trees that waved their large arms above my head; and I confess when I turned down the steps leading to the churchyard, a thrill of awe—I would not allow it to be fear—passed through me. Everything was so still and hushed, and the tall shadow of the steeple fell so clearly on the ground in the solemn light, that I felt uneasy at the idle desecration of observing such a pagan rite on the holy ground. As I approached the church more closely, this feeling of reverential reluctance to perform my foolish task increased. Alas! If I had only obeyed it! But it was combated by the fear of ridicule, and of the doubts my companions might feel as to my real motive for not completing my task, as well by a reluctance to cast implied blame on so aged a lady as our kind hostess. So I took the basket in my hand, and scattered the hemp seed, whispering the formula, as I ran round the tower. Suddenly I heard the sound of footsteps A superstitious fear, which was quite uncontrollable, seized me. I darted into an embrasure of the wall, and crouched breathless behind a large buttress.

The next moment I heard voices as well as footsteps. They came very near, and paused close by my hiding-place

"I tell you," said one voice; "it is of no use to make a fool of yourself. You must get the property at once, or you will be found out. Here's the needful dose, if you like to give it to her."

"No," replied the voice of O'Halloran, "I can't do it. She is very old. I will wait and see what will come of it; if I am found out, why even then we shall have a good booty. We are sure of the plate if we don't get the estates. But my belief is, we are all right, and shan't fail of success. Having taken in the lawyers hitherto, as well as the old woman, we have no real cause to fear at present; it's nothing but your impatience to share the property that makes you urge such haste, Uncle Ned."

"Uncle Ned!" the voice of the speaker thus named was that of a tall, fine-looking footman, whom Miss Langham had engaged soon after her sister's death, when she resumed her long interrupted intercourse with the world.

"Well, you have heard what John Green said. He wouldn't have come down to-night to warn us for nothing. Give her this dose," continued the voice of the footman, "and you will be master here by to-morrow."

"I have said I won't, and I won't," replied O'Halloran, doggedly. "You may do it yourself, if you like; but mind, I don't consent to it."

The footman laughed, and said "A precious bull that! but I am too old a bird to be took with chaff. I ain't going to put my head in an 'alter for any one; but I advise you to take Jack's advice and warning. Now I must go; it's nigh upon supper time, and I shall be missed."

They moved on. The next minute O'Halloran's foot crushed something, quite audibly in the stillness.

"Hillos!" said he, with an oath. "what's this? Hemp seed all along the path!" Another oath. "Some of those confounded gals have been strewing it then! Can we have been overheard?"

"Nobody was here a minute or two ago," replied Ned; "I looked behind every buttress before we began our talk."

"They may have come since. Follow

the track of the seed," said O' Halloran.

And they did follow it with fatal accuracy, and drew me, shivering with fear and horror, from my hiding place.

"Miss Sophy!" cried Uncle Ned, in a tone of dismay. Then, with fearful oaths, which even now ring in my ears, he drew a large clasp-knife from his pocket. I saw the blade glitter in the moonlight. I shut my eyes and thought a rapid prayer.

"Ned," said O Halloran in a whisper, "it won't do! Detection would be certain. Go home and wait, for fear you should be missed; I will take care of the gal."

Still swearing, Ned loosed his hold, but O Halloran held my other arm firmly.

"Now, Miss Sophy," he said, as we were left alone, "you have learned your fate, and no mistake. Die you must, and that this instant, unless you swear to me by all the saints in the calendar that you will never tell a word of what you've heard this blessed night to any human soul."

I hesitated, surely death would be preferable to even an involuntary participation in so terrible a fraud. But this heroic decision did not last. I could not help pitying myself, just as if it had been somebody else. The young life seemed more precious to me than the old inheritance of our race. I weighed, with the rapidity of excited thought, my mother's and Margery's tears against the wrong done to Anthony Langham. Besides, "Uncle Ned" evidently feared detection. It might come without my aid. Moreover, I am ashamed to confess it. I was dreadfully afraid of being murdered! Fear confused all my perceptions.

"Come," said O'Halloran, "will you swear?"

I faltered an assent, and there, under the gray shadow of the church, the impostor dictated an oath so dreadful that I shudder now at the bare recollection of it.

"And now, Miss Sophy," he said, when my pale lips had faltered it out, "we will go home. You have been sowing hemp seed, and I suspecting your intention, followed you for a joke, and frightened you greatly. Come, take hold of my arm, and recollect that that is the story for Aunt Langham."

I obeyed in stunned despair, and we left the churchyard. As we ascended the few steps from the church to the park, we met Anthony Langham hastening towards them. He said they had been alarmed at my long absence, and Miss Langham had sent him to look for me.

O'Halloran at once related how he had followed me for a joke, and how I had been so frightened by his shadow that I had nearly fainted, and was only just able to return home. This story my pale look certainly confirmed. Anthony looked very vexed, I thought, and said, "such jokes are foolish and dangerous. I feared to watch over your safety, Miss Sophy," he continued, "as I wished to have done, lest I might involuntarily alarm you, should you see me; and I did not think any one would take the liberty of really following you."

This was said with a glance of defiance at O'Halloran. I interposed to prevent a quarrel.

"Oh, it is nothing," I said; "nonsense appears to belong to Hallowe'en; and my fear was too absurd to be anything but ridiculous."

How ashamed I felt of this falsehood, especially as O Halloran actually pressed my hand with his arm, as if to acknowledge the good faith with which I kept my vow.

Everything that followed seems confused to my memory. I know that Anthony blamed Miss Langham for her folly, and said that her age was her only excuse for permitting such a thing; and quite truthfully, regretted that I had undertaken the adventure. And then we reached home; and there were idle jests from the young people, upon O'Halloran's having "harrowed my hemp seed!" The wretch had the effrontery to say 'he had rather harrowed my feelings,' as he had given me much alarm."

I fancied that both Margery and Anthony Langham were very silent, and even appeared displeased; but then my mind was too disturbed for me to be capable of clearly judging of anything. Certainly Margery's 'Good night" was colder than usual.

November 2.—When I woke this morning I cannot describe the acute mental pain that came with the recollection of my discovery and my oath. All the cruel wrong done to Anthony Langham, the imposition practiced on Miss Langham, the horrible association with a thief forced upon us, rushed on my mind at once.

I scarcely know how I have got through the day. I am sure I have been absent, preoccupied, miserable, with a frightful headache, which served for an excuse for my depression.

As if instinctively aware of my complicity in the wrong done him, Anthony Langham has been cold and distant all day. That O'Halloran began by paying me great attention, but I was so utterly incapable of concealing my disgust, that he perceived it, and prudently left my side.

Alas! all my days this hateful secret will weigh upon my soul.

November 8.—I had far better have died! far better! Death is a boon in comparison with my life now. What shall I do? Heaven have pity!

He—the wretch! the monster! the possible murderer, has proposed to Margery—has been accepted!

I have kneeled at her feet; I have implored her not to marry him. She denies that it is for his wealth she accepted him; she says she loves him! She answers my tears, my agonized entreaties—angrily. She accuses me of a mean jealousy—a silly pride. Oh, Margery, my own sister—my darling if you could but know!

They have written to tell mamma of the proposed marriage. Will she consent? I have also written to implore her not to do so. My letter was eager, wild, impassioned; surely she cannot read it, and not perceive that some strong motive urged me to write it.

O'Halloran caught me alone for a few moments after I had learned the news. He began by urging on me the fact that he was restoring to us the inheritance to my agony, my disgust, my horror, and warned him that, if he persisted in seeking Margery's hand, I might be tempted to break my oath, he threatened to take my life. Perhaps, after all, my cowardice has only saved it for a few days. The two villains have every reason to put me out of the world. What shall I do? 'Break an oath? I, who have been trained by my father to think even a promise sacred! I am indeed in the toils. Oh! if I had but chosen death on Hallow'en! Then his crime would have cried to Heaven for justice, and Margery would have been safe, and Anthony to,—Anthony, who loves me—yes, he has told me now that it was me he loved! And I could hear the avowal in cold despair, instead of the joy it might have been, and refuse the best good this world could give, because I am unworthy of it. What! marry him I wrong? Have a secret, and such a secret, from my husband? It could not be. But I am so miserable—so miserable. What shall I do. What will be the end?

A letter from Miss Langham to Mrs. Frank Langham.

"DEAR MADAM,—I am sorry to be obliged to request your immediate presence at Maldon. Your charming youngest daughter, whose gaiety and grace has won all our hearts, is very ill. She is suffering from brain fever, caused I fear by my own folly; I permitted her to try a foolish charm on Hallowe'en, and your future son-in-law, Mr. O'Halloran, alarmed her by following her in jest. The shock to her nerves was so great that she has been dull and indisposed ever since, and is now confined to her bed. Her illness is of course serious, but she has youth and great natural strength on her side, and we must hope, and put our trust in Heaven.

"I think I need scarcely urge your instant coming. Poor Margery forgets her own happiness in attending on her sister. Mr. O'Halloran appears as anxious for her as any of us.

"Believe me, very truly yours,

"MARTHA LANGHAM."

SOPHY RESUMES HER DIARY.

December 24th.—Christmas Eve.—The Christmas bells are ringing merrily; the fire blazing brightly; mamma sitting with her knitting in the chimney corner. I resume my diary once more, with feelings of humble and devout gratitude.

I have been very ill since I wrote last in this volume, and remember nothing of many unrecorded days. They sent for my mother; she came, and at once installed herself by my bedside.

One night, while she was watching my restless slumbers, and listening to my murmured words, she heard me say, "If I die, they will read my diary." That possibly was the one hope and thought of my lucid intervals, so in my delirium I spoke of it.

"Miss Sophy often says that, ma'am," observed the nurse, who sat up with mamma. "Her diary runs a deal in her head."

"Where is it?" asked my mother, a sudden thought darting into her mind. "Go and ask Miss Margery."

Margery had locked my book up at the beginning of my illness—she gave it to the nurse; and my mother assuming her maternal prerogative, and firmly believing that her Sophy had no secrets from her, opened it, and read from the period of our arrival at Maldon Hall up to the close. Surely my guardian angel smiled beside her as she did so.

The whole secret was plain now. The next morning, almost at day dawn, my mother sought the rector, and confided the tale to him. He came up and saw Miss Langham, then rode off, and secured a policeman at once.

O'Halloran and the footman were taken into custody. O'Halloran fell on his knees, and offered to confess everything, Miss Langham would pardon him. Of course she could not.

They are both now enduring penal servitude for life.

It seems that Edward, the footman, was one of a gang of thieves who, with a false character, had got himself engaged in Miss Langham's family, for the purpose of robbing the house. Soon after his arrival, Jervis, the butler, who is a garrulous old man, related to him the family history, and how Mr. Anthony Langham was heir, because Miss Dorothy Langham, a great niece of Sir Jonathan's, had never been heard of since she ran away with the Irish officer and went abroad; nor could they trace her or find that she had left any children, though the lawyers had advertised for them many times. Ned was genius in his line. The idea occured to him of supplying an heir to the estate in the O'Halloran family. He had a nephew who had received a good education at a national school, and might, he thought, pass for the heir. With the aid of a low attorney employed by thieves, a plot was so ably concocted that even Miss Langham's cautious man of business was deceived, and Mr Cornev O'Halloran, the footman's nephew, was received at Maldon Hall as its future possessor.

Doubts had, however, occured since to the family lawyer, and he had sent a clerk abroad to investigate more closely the pretender's claims. Knowledge of this had reached Green, and induced him to come down to Maldon on Hallowe'en to warn his confederates of their danger, and to advise decisive measures. They—Ned and Halloran—had walked out with him, fearing to hold any conversation of importance within the possible hearing of listeners, and on their return homewards, after seeing him on the road to the railway station, they had lingered, as I too well knew, in the churchyard.

The infamous lawyer found means to escape from the hands of justice, but the two impostors, uncle and nephew, were already doomed, and suffering their first punishment. Such was the tale my mother told me yesterday; I was not strong enough to hear it in detail before.

Humbly do I thank the Divine Providence which has so mercifully revealed this iniquity before it was too late. For even if it had been discovered by the researches of the lawyer's clerk, the discovery would have come only after Margery's marriage, and would have overwhelmed us all with disgrace. Perhaps O'Halloran had hoped that if he were once a member of the family by marriage, he would not be exposed or punished, even if the trick were found out. But my happy illness and this dear book saved her from such a fate, and she has just now implored me, with tears in her eyes, to forgive her unjust suspicions and angry words. Poor dear Margery! I could only draw her to my bosom and weep over her. How she must suffer! Will she ever recover from her mortification and disappointment?

Our mother is a little harsh to her. She declares that Margery is rightly punished for her mercenary view of marriage—for it seems that my sister accepted O'Halloran because he was heir to the property which she had from the first coveted.

It will, it seems, come into our family even now, for Anthony, whose despair at my danger touched my mother, has won from her the second secret of my diary, and refuses to accept the refusal I gave him while I believed my silence so cruelly wronged him.

We are, therefore to Miss Langham's great joy betrothed, and are to be married early in the spring.

Anthony has been confessing to-day that he was dreadfully jealous the night he met me with O'Halloran, and he says he should never have asked me to be his wife, had not the impostor made Margery an offer.

How grateful I ought to be to Heaven that good has been brought out of the idle and irreverent folly of sowing hemp-seed upon Hallowe'en!

False Pretences.

BY H. C.

MY aunt was a vain little woman, easily flattered, and easily taken in. Before her marriage it was a matter of principle with her not to wear silk. It was not because she could not afford it, but because she considered it better taste for young girls to dress simply.

Since she married my uncle, however, her ideas of dress had changed considerably. Silk was indulged in frequently now—perhaps because she no longer considered herself a young girl. At any rate, she made up for lost time in the matter of dress and company, and spent more hours before the glass than even the belle of the season is supposed to spend there.

One of her hobbies was charity.

A pedler came to the door one day with a hole in the elbow of his coat. She invited him in, seated him in the best parlor, hunted up a second best coat of Uncle George's, which she gave him, with the advice to sell his old one. Then she sat and talked politics with him an hour, during which he expressed "precisely her views," and delighted her soul with the remark that she must have read extensively and studied the subject very deeply to have such a clear understanding of it.

She bought his whole stock, gave him back what she did not want, and told him to call again, which he did repeatedly.

While I was there, two young fellows came to paint the house, both good-looking, but one as handsome as a picture. I confess I was drawn towards this young Adonis myself; but when my aunt asked him in, utter stranger though he was, and treated him to wine and politics, I was just a little disgusted; and when he had gone, ventured to remonstrate a little.

"My dear girl," she cried, enthusiastically, "you don't know what you're talking about! Do you know who that painter is?"

"I think I have heard his name," said I, drily. "It is Thomas Watkins, is is not?"

"He only goes by that name," was the eager reply. "His real name contains a title. He is the young Lord Thomas Everheath!"

"Indeed!" said I, laughing.

"Oh, you needn't laugh! He told me all about it. His younger brother is engaged to a young countess, whose father will not consent to the match because her betrothed had no title. In order to bring about the marriage, his lordship has come away, and spread the report of his own death, which would leave his brother a lord."

"And is he so short of money as to resort to a common trade for a livelihood?"

"He does that partly for fun, and partly the better to disguise himself. I knew you would be incredulous; but its true, for he showed me a letter from his brother. The letter began with saying, 'All well. The wedding day is appointed.'"

"Why, he is very confidential upon so short an acquaintance!"

"Well, he says I am the first person who has taken any notice of him, or paid him any particular attention, and he thought it due to my courtesy to reveal all."

"Take my word for it, my dear aunt, he is an impostor!"

Day after day his lordship came to paint the house, and day after day was feasted and entertained.

My aunt sang for him, and accompanied herself on the guitar. She could not play the piano; but Lord Tom could, and did, to the intense delight of his hostess.

He praised her wine and flattered her, and made himself agreeable generally.

The next door neighbors were called in to entertain him, and were as completely gulled as my aunt. At last the painting was done, and a few days afterwards Lord Tom came to bid us good-bye.

It was so sudden, or my aunt would have given him a grand party as a farewell salute. As it was, she only said a sorrowful adieu, and "hoped to hear from his lordship before long."

When my uncle came home from town, he was very angry. He inquired about the lordly painter, and learned that he was a stranger, who had obtained temporary employment from the contractor patronized by Uncle George, but whose indolence had finally caused his discharge.

"He was a skilled workman," said the contractor, "but too lazy for me, and has gone elsewhere to seek employment."

"And the idea," exclaimed Uncle George, upon returning home, "of my wife and house being put to no better purpose than the petting and lionizing of an unprincipled rascal!"

"Well" sighed my aunt patiently, "I suppose you'll believe me when I get his letter. He is too much of a gentleman not to write."

"If he dares to write to you, I shall burn his letter before it is opened!" exclaimed uncle.

"What! if there is a stamp of nobility on the seal?"

My uncle was either nonplussed by this question, or too much disgusted to make any reply.

A month after this, however, he read aloud to us at the tea-table the following paragraph from a newspaper:—

"At one of the hotels, a young fellow has been successfully imposing himself upon the guests as a sprig of English nobility. Lord Thomas Everheath, he proclaimed himself, and stated that he had been travelling alone and in disguise. His reason for remaining incognito having been removed, he appeared, he said, in his own proper person. He kept up the delusion for nearly three weeks, during which he was lionized to his heart's content. Preparations were made for a grand dinner, to be given as a compliment to him; but, unfortunately, it was discovered that he was a house and sign painter from the North. The ball came off, but ere its advent, Lord Thomas Everheath had vanished."

Uncle George looked over the paper to see what effect this paragraph had upon his wife.

She was gazing calmly down upon her plate, and made no remark; but has never since been known to lionize a house painter.

A party of enterprising Norwegians have just started to colonize the Aldabra Islands, in the Indian Ocean, within ten degrees of the Equator. The undertaking is a bold one, for there is a vast difference between the climate of Norway and that of the new settlement, which at present is uninhabited. If the colony is successful there may be a dispute as to the ownership of the islands.

"CAREST THOU NOT?"

BY S. C. L.

Carest Thou not? Oh Thou that givest life.
Carest Thou not? Who art the love Thou teachest.
While half Thy children perish in the strife,
For lack of the sweet charity thou preachest.
The eye that sees, the heart that longs and yearns,
For beauty, wealth, and calm of golden hours;
Or Thou, or Nature, gave the brain that burns,
The mind that chafes to us its latent powers.

Caught in the bitter net of circumstance,
We strive and faint amid each baffling fold.
While careless fingers take or miss the chance,
Or idle with the precious thing they hold:
Any favored darlings of the world look down
From the fair height by fate or birth right given,
Wondering to see how, under fortune's frown,
Along steep paths our tired feet are driven.

Carest Thou not? our prized ambitions fail,
Our dearest droop, in dull days shadowed too;
Their young eyes forced to read the weary tale,
While their vain struggles, our past pangs renew;
We fain would see, and save, and live, and laugh;
Fain would have honest heart and open hand;
Ah, hope and love make but a breaking staff,
When 'mid our shattered dreams alone we stand.

Carest Thou not, O Lord! old age creeps on,
Blighting each lingering bloom we dare to cherish;
A little while, and the last day is done;
Carest Thou not, oh Lord, because we perish?
O stretch the right hand, strong to stay and save,
Speak, through wild winds above, wild seas beneath,
Say, despite falling life and opening grave,
"Why will ye doubt, O ye of little faith?"

A Noble Sacrifice.

BY A. L. S.

FERN RANDALL was stretched upon a sofa in his sister's luxurious sitting-room, and the two were discussing a party given by Mrs. Gates the previous evening

"Lou," Fern said, trying to speak indifferently, and failing most lamentably, "I missed one face I fully expected to see, last evening—Nellie Milne's."

"Nellie Milne's!" cried Mrs. Gates, in accents of surprise. "Nellie at a party! But I forgot you had been away six years When you went away Nellie's uncle was still alive, was he not?"

"He was"

"Well, he died in that same year, and left her the house he had lived in for years, and a clear income of five thousand And since she became rich in her own right, Nellie has become the slave of money, a thorough miser. The first thing she did was to let the old house, furniture and all. She then moved herself to that miserable little cottage where old Johnson lived so long and there she lives with one servant, an old woman, who was with her mother from her girlhood, they say. She wears the cheapest, plainest clothing. She seldom goes out, but invariably walks, living on the [illegible] fare."

"But why, Lou? What is the explanation of such a change?"

"What can it be but avarice? Since she prefers to dress and live like a pauper, her old friends have ceased to call upon her or to invite her. She will be a catch some day for a fortune hunter if she continues to live a miser's life, but I imagine you would prefer a less sordid soul."

"You are right. But I cannot realize little Nellie sordid, miserly and grasping. I must call, perhaps the dream of six long years may be shattered by the reality of such a change, but it will be a bitter waking."

"Did you love her so much, Fern?"

"So much that I asked her uncle to let me hope to win her love in return. He told me she was such a mere child he did not wish her mind disturbed then, but that if I loved her on my return, he would not oppose my wooing. She did love me, Lou, though she scarcely knew what love meant. Well," and he sighed heavily, "I had better have stayed away. I kept my secret, thinking she would be here last night to give me welcome home"

Fern rose and left the room.

He nerved himself to see a slatternly woman in a squalid house, and by the time he reached the cottage to which Lou directed him, he would scarcely have been surprised if he had met Nellie in rags.

But the little cottage before which he paused at last looked cosy and home like.

The garden was neatly kept and well filled with flowers.

An old woman answered his knock, and ushered him into a tiny parlor, where the plain furniture and inexpensive ornaments were in exquisite order, and where a little cottage piano stood open in one corner.

Before he had waited a moment, a little figure in a print dress and linen collar, with short, glossy curls, and a fair, sweet face, came into the room.

He forgot his sister, the painful story—everything but the fact that Nellie was there.

"Nellie!" he cried, springing forward, and then drawing back, for there was no welcome in the face he loved—only a look of suppressed pain "Nellie, are you not glad to see me?" he cried.

"Glad," she murmured, and then the forced calmness broke down, and the tears fell from her eyes. "Glad!" she cried again. "Oh, Fern, I have lost every friend, and you will go too, when you know all."

"I have heard; but when we parted," he said, "you knew the hope in my heart, Nellie. Tell me now, if the love you promised me is mine?"

"It is all yours, Fern, but——" and she drew back from the embrace he would have given, "you may throw it away when you hear my secret. I have hidden it from every one but you, but to-day I am freed from my bondage of six long years, and you have a right to hear what I shall confide to no one else. You will not betray my sorrowful secret, Fern?"

"Whatever trust you put in me shall be sacred, Nellie," he answered, gravely, awed by a solemnity upon her face, and in her voice

There was silence in the little parlor for some moments before the low, sweet voice was heard again.

Then steadily, without faltering, Nellie told her story.

"When you left me, Fern, a careless happy child, the shadow of what I must tell you now had not fallen across my life.

"I knew that I was an orphan, and that my mother died away from her home and friends; but I was still a mere babe when Uncle Milne came for me and took me home.

"They called me Nellie Milne and I never thought of my right to the name till my uncle died.

"Upon his deathbed he told me the story of my mother's life.

"She was married against the wishes of her family to a man whose only crime then was poverty.

"Her father refused to own her, and her brother, many years her senior, was stern and bitter in his resentment.

"They were proud of their name, their position, and their wealth, and they never forgave this only daughter and sister that she left them for a man of obscure parentage and without means to support her as they had done.

"My father at that time was a clerk, with a small salary.

"I would not wrong my mother, but my uncle said she grew peevish and soured by the contact with poverty, and constantly fretted for the luxuries she had voluntarily resigned. My father worshipped her.

"It might have been his loving desire to gratify her, or a sudden greed for wealth—I cannot tell—but he forged his employer's name for five thousand dollars.

"My mother was too little acquainted with business to question the sudden influx of money; but the crime was detected, my father arrested, tried, convicted, and sent to prison for a term of years.

"He died there in six months; but my poor mother had already preceded him to the grave.

"Her last wish, her last appeal was to my grandfather and uncle, begging them to pay the money and clear my father's name; they refused.

"After she died they took me home, and I never knew a want; but they repudiated my father, though my uncle believed he died a truly penitent man.

"In my uncle's desk, after he died, I found the papers relating to the forgery, and my poor mother's passionate appeals to him to pay the money so wrongfully taken.

"She took all the blame upon herself, repenting, when too late, her repining and discontent, and her extravagant expenditure of the stolen money

"My first impulse was to yield to her prayer, even after so many years, and pay at once the amount of the forged cheque still in the hands of the firm who employed my father, but my uncle probably knew what I would desire, for he so willed his money to me that I can never touch the principal.

"Fern, with my mother's letters before me, I vowed never to spend one cent more than the merest necessaries of life required, until the debt was paid that haunted her death-bed For six years I have saved all I possibly could.

"I have fared poorly, dressed plainly, and added little by little to my hoard by closest economy and care."

"Poor child! What a life!"

"I was not unhappy. Hannah knew all, and was far more friend than servant, and when my friends gave me up, I thought of my mother, and was comforted."

"But you say you are free, Nellie."

"I am free. I sent the money to the firm last week, and to-day—only to-day—I have received and destroyed the cheque, the last proof of my father's crime. The gentlemen wrote me such a letter that I am sure they will always respect my secret."

"Oh, if I had only been here, Nellie, to give you a home and protection, to make your life happy by my love, while you saved your own means for your holy purpose."

"It could not have been, Fern. I would have never burdened your life with my duty to the dead."

"But now, Nellie? You are free now, and you will be mine—mine to cherish and protect—to guard from all want and all sorrow in the future."

"Fern, Fern, you forget," Nellie cried, her face deathly pale, her dark eyes dilated with pain.

"Forget!"

"I am not the happy child you left. I am called a miser, an avaricious, hard woman, whose sordid soul looks for nothing beyond money. I am thrust out of society, and my old friends pass me by."

"A good reason for one to hold you fast."

"I am not even Nellie Milne, Fern, but Nellie Farrington, the daughter of a detected forger."

For answer he took her in his arms, folding her close and looking into her earnest eyes with very loving tender ones.

"You are Nellie," he said; truly not the careless child I left, but a woman to be honored for the noble sacrifice of six long years. You are the Nellie whom I love, and whose love I hold to be the crowning blessing of my life. Take all other names out of your poor, bruised heart, and let me print one there in their place, calling you Nellie, my wife"

There was no explanation given, even to Lou of the sacrifice of Nellie's young life, but before long there was a wedding, and old friends once more gathered round the bride

Never could she entirely forgot the long years of sorrow, but in her husband's love, she finds her compensation for her noble sacrifice.

Consumers desiring the very best Chocolate or Cocoa should purchase that prepared by Walter Baker & Co. Established in 1780. Walter Baker's chocolate has no superior, and its standard I always maintained. All grocers sell it.

Don't Be Envious.

BY J. M.

"OH, how I wish we were rich!" said pretty Eliza Stanhope, looking up wearily from her sewing. "To-morrow Lucy Manor is to have a party. It seems to me that money can buy everything."

"My dear," replied her widowed mother, "you should not have said that."

"What! That money can buy everything? But I'm sure it can, mamma. Pretty dresses, fine houses, horses, a trip in summer, plenty of servants—oh, there isn't anything worth having that money will not buy!"

Mrs. Stanhope smoothed out, on her lap, the garment she was working at, and looked up at her daughter with mild pity.

"On the contrary, my child," she said, "the things most worth having money can't buy."

"Oh, mamma!"

"It cannot buy health," continued Mrs. Stanhope, not heeding the interruption. "There is our rich neighbor, Miss Maffit, who has spinal disease. She is worth many thousands, and is confined to her sofa for life. There is Mr. Barlow, who owns more than a dozen farms, and is bent double with rheumatism, though still a young man. Think, too, of Josephine Grange, fatally ill of consumption, at nineteen. She has been to Madeira, but all in vain, and she has come home to die. Each of them would give all their money for health or life."

"I didn't mean that exactly," said Eliza, stammering and blushing.

"What else, then, dear? There are many of our acquaintances who have but little money, who possess what is better, and what money can't buy—intellectual culture. In truth, large fortunes, instead of favoring mental development, too often work in the opposite direction. You have only to look around, among the very rich, to see this for yourself. You have only to think of it a moment to know the reason. The temptations of a fine house, elegant carriages, and a luxurious table are too much for most people; they become materialized under it; they read but little; their talk is mere gossip; they come, at last, to be almost entirely of the earth, earthy. Great riches tend, too, to make the possessor imperious, impatient of contradiction, intensely selfish. These are qualities that, in the end, bring their own retribution, for they sow a fertile crop of unhappiness."

"But, mamma," how can intellectual culture affect the question?"

"In this way, dear. It is a solace for us in pain, a refuge in trouble, a stimulus to occupation, and therefore a protection against *ennui*. How often do I see you forgetting your trials—and you have a good many, I know—in some new pretty story. Do you think Lucy Manor, whom you envy sometimes for her riches, could find such a refuge in distress? You know she could not. Think of the thousands of confirmed invalids that have had life made tolerable by this delight in literature. Through their imagination they forget pain. A new poem carries them away to green fields, cool woods, and rippling streams, and they are happy, even on their sick-bed. But money cannot buy this."

Eliza made no reply. Her mother's words opened up a new world of thought to her. She bent her head low over her work, already ashamed of her querulousness.

"There is another thing that money cannot purchase," said Mrs Stanhope," and that is affection. When you fell sick of scarlet fever, and our two servants got frightened and left us, what would I have done if it hadn't been for kind neighbors, who came and helped me without a thought of money? It is not for money that a child is loved, or a parent, or brothers and sisters, or husband or wives. True affection shrinks from the bribe of money."

"But people marry for money!"

"Yes, and are not happy; or, if happy, happy in spite of it. Even the rare cases where such unions are not miserable failures do not take away from their baseness. That a young girl should sell herself for money is both revolting and degrading. Unless marriage is sanctified by real affection, it is a sin against Heaven, as well as ourselves. Rich old men often marry poor young girls; but, oh! how rarely do they get love in return. No, my child, the most precious thing in life—love—is not a merchantable article; it cannot be bought or sold."

"But, mamma, it is not wrong to have money, is it? You surely don't mean that?"

"No, my love. Money in itself, is neither good nor bad It is an instrument for evil, or the reverse, just as we employ it. But its tendency, on the whole, is to make its owner self indulgent; and self indulgence, I need not tell you, does not ennoble character. It is a money worshiping age we live in," continued Mrs Stanhope, with a sigh. "In what you first said, dear, you only echoed the fallacy of the day; and, therefore, I do not blame you as much as I would otherwise. But reflect a moment. Of all the great names in history, not one owes its greatness to money. It was not money that made Homer immortal, or Socrates, or Dante, or Shakespeare, or Milton. Money did not place Raphael, and Michael Angelo, and Da Vinci where they are. The great money-kings of Greece and Rome are forgotten, or remembered, like Lucullus, only to be despised; but Leonidas, and the Horatii, and all the heroes of the past, live on, and will live on for ever, in men's memories"

"Forgive me, mamma," said Eliza, and in a hushed whisper; "I will never repine again because we are not rich. I know better now"

For she had learned that there are some things, and they the best in life, that money cannot buy.

A CHINAMAN'S HOUSE.—We are curious to inspect the dwelling of the Chinamen of the better class, and our friend, who is fortunately able to assist us, conducts us to the house of a wealthy old merchant. It is a stone building, recently erected, and everything about it indicates great neatness, and an approach to taste in the owner. In the open verandahs are boxes of the man tan, or rose-scented peony, with gorgeous white and crimson blossoms, and the lan whei, a water-plant of an orchidaceous nature, with a long spike of yellowish green flowers. The man tan also decorates the rooms, which are hung with lanterns of stained glass. The furniture is of wood of a stiff, uncomfortable pattern, but elaborately carved The owner, an urbane, polite old gentleman, regales us with cups of stewed tea, whose delicate aroma compensates for the absence of milk and sugar, and asks us up stairs into his library The shelves are covered with Chinese works, bound in their woolen covers, and in the centre of the room stands a bronze frame, with three apertures at the top, and a bundle of arrows The latter are the implements of a game which the host explains to us by taking the arrows to the further end of the room, seizing one by the tip of the shaft with his thumb and forefinger, and throwing it so as to fall into one of the small circular openings of the frame. We try a game, whereof the victory owing to his more extensive practice, remains with him.

ABOUT PRESENTS.—It is hardly necessary to say that unmarried ladies should not accept presents from gentlemen not related or engaged to them, as every well bred person is aware

There is a rule to the effect that in presenting a book to a friend the name of the one to whom you give it must not be written in it unless requested

This rule is better honored in the breach than in the observance when the giver of the book is the author

Our tokens of love, says Emerson, are for the most part barbarous, cold, and lifeless, because they do not represent our life

The only gift, is a portion of thyself

Therefore, let the farmer give his corn; the miner, a gem; the sailor, coral and shells; the painter, his picture; and the poet his poem.

Mere costliness does not constitute the soul of a present; it is the kind feeling that it manifests, which gives it its value

M S

No SAFER REMEDY can be had for Coughs and Colds than Brown's Bronchial Troches. Imitations are offered for sale many of which are injurious. The genuine Bronchial Troches are sold only in boxes.

Our Young Folks.

WILFRED'S HOLIDAY LESSON.

BY E. C. PHILLIPS

WILFRED had been at home for his holidays, and pleasant holidays they were; for it was summer, and he could take long walks, with his friends or sister by the seaside, and ride his pony very often.

Wilfred and his sister were the children of Mrs. Hewett, the widow of a doctor. She was not rich, but had enough on which to live comfortably; Wilfred going to school, and Katie learning at home, with her mother. Wilfred had a pony of his own, that belonged to him in his father's lifetime. Mr. Hewett had been very fond of the little animal, which he had bred and trained himself. When Wilfred was at school, Katie rode the pony, and a prettier or more loving pair than the little girl and "Launcelot" were never seen. They understood one another well, and though Katie was only nine years old, she rode so cleverly, that they often went very short distances alone.

I used to think he must be sorry when the holidays came, and he was made over to his rightful owner; for he was better treated by the gentle little girl, who loved all dumb animals. Wilfred was often cruel, as some boys are to him and other animals.

The holidays were coming to an end. Wilfred had certainly enjoyed them very much, though Katie's foolishness, he said, had spoilt them a little. She was two years younger than himself, and he felt bound to give in to her sometimes.

It was a stormy day. The wind was high and the water rough; but Wilfred had promised to take a long ride with Ned Sommers; so he left home at about half past nine in the morning to call for his friend. The boys had made up their minds to explore a cave in the cliff, though it would be difficult and dangerous to ride there.

Wilfred was disappointed to find, on reaching Ned's house, that he could not accompany him to-day. How provoking! Wilfred's first impulse was to turn back; but he hated, at all times, to give up anything upon which he had set his heart, and this was his only spare day before the holidays were over; so he resolved to go on, and show Ned that he could ride so far alone, however uninteresting the ride might be.

He rode on and on, urging Launcelot every moment.

It was getting late, they were not nearly there yet, and he wanted to be home in time for dinner.

Wilfred could just see the hole in the cliff, and he was not going to turn back now. Ned had said that he would not ride there alone, and do it he would. Another two or three yards of difficult ground to get over, and he would be there.

He was there, he had come to the hole in the cliff, and going a little way in, he gathered some moss that had grown there, to prove that he had kept his word. Then quickly he turned his pony round, eager himself, now, to hasten home; but what was his horror when he saw that there was no chance of going back by the beach, and he knew of no other way. He had not thought of the tide; and when Wilfred, in his alarm, looked homewards, he saw, at a glance, that the water was coming up rapidly, and that even if they galloped back, which they could do on the shingle, it was impossible to reach the path in time.

Wilfred was horror stricken! What should he do? He gazed at his pony. Did *he* know their peril? A long whimper seemed to answer "Yes." Wilfred, in his agony of mind, brave boy though he thought himself, began violently to tremble. He could think of nothing that they could do to save their lives. But the pony made an effort. The water, playing round his ankles, urged him to exert himself, and he tried to trot.

Then he halted. Where they now stood a part of the cliff projected—could they climb this? He seemed to think they might. He shook his head to loosen Wilfred's hold of him. He could not climb that rugged cliff if dragged back. The boy shuddered. He was a good climber, but he knew that he could not manage that alone.

Was Launcelot going to save himself and leave him to perish? It was only what he deserved at his hands! He looked to see what the pony would do. With great difficulty he ascended the side of the steep piece of cliff, and stood still on its edge, for Wilfred to lay hold of the bridle. The boy could just reach it. When he had it firmly in his hand the pony moved suddenly forwards, and, with a jerk, jumped him on to the cliff.

Here, for a time, they were beyond the reach of the water; but how long could they remain there?

Time went on. Hour after hour they stood on the edge of the cliff, watching the rising tide. It beat now against the cliff, it washed over it round the legs of the pony, but it didn't touch Wilfred, for he had mounted the back of his faithful friend, and sitting there, the water never quite reached him.

What awful hours those were spent on the cliff! How every unkind word that he had said to his sister, every unfilial act towards the mother who loved him so dearly, now rose up before his mind and reproached him.

He could have beaten himself now at the remembrance of his conduct towards Launcelot and other dumb creatures, and there, standing on the cliff surrounded by the water's roar, Wilfred vowed that if God would spare his life, he would never ill use a dumb animal again!

Three weary hours passed, and hope dawned at last for Wilfred. The tide had turned; the waters were receding. Oh, joy! he soon slid from his pony's back and stood close by him, as close as he could get, with his arms flung round his neck.

"You good fellow!" he said, as he threw his whip far into the sea. "I will never use that again. Poor Launcelot! How tired and cramped you must be, but how I love you now!"

He and his pony was out of present danger. The waters were certainly going back, but they could not start yet. At last Wilfred saw that they could venture. It was with difficulty that he and Launcelot descended the steep cliff, and when they at length stood on the beach, the pony was quite lame, and could hardly move.

It appeared a long while before they came to the path, and even then Launcelot walked very slowly. Wilfred did not mount him again.

There was great confusion in the house when they arrived; everybody was wondering where Wilfred and Launcelot could be. Kate and her mother had gone long ago to question Ned, but he was out for the day, and had but just returned when he hastened round to tell Mrs. Hewett what he knew.

Whilst he was speaking, the pony's steps were heard in the distance.

How the fond mother kissed her son! how Katie danced for joy when Wilfred and Launcelot came home! "I thought you had both gone away," she said. "I thought I had lost both my brothers!"

Wilfred was too tired, too cold, and too much exhausted to speak. He could but ask for Launcelot to have a feed and to be made warm, in his stable, at once, and then he was led up to bed.

Wilfred was very ill after this. For days and nights he lay delirious. "We shall drown, we shall be drowned; Launcelot, I know I am sure we shall drown! Oh, that horrid whip! why did I ever use it? Why am I so cruel? Oh! won't the water ever go back?"

His mother could not understand his ravings, but she felt sure that he and the pony had passed through some great danger together. Wilfred could tell her nothing; he did not even recognise her. The only name he called, during those days of fever, was "Launcelot."

* * * * *

Wilfred was convalescent, and in his first sensible hours he told his mother all that had, that dreadful day, befallen himself and pony.

"You were thoughtless, my boy," she said, "and I am afraid a great many faithful animals suffer sadly through the thoughtlessness of girls and boys; but this should not be. God has a thought for dumb animals. The Bible tells us that 'He giveth to the beast his food, and to the young ravens which cry,' and we have no right to ill use one of God's creatures that He has lent us for our use and comfort."

"I am sure they have taught me that, mother; but I do so long to see Launcelot again, to thank him once more for what he did, and to ask him again to forgive me."

And the lesson that Wilfred had learnt that awful day, when he stood between life and death upon the edge of the cliff and was only just out of reach of the rising waters he never forgot. Dogs and cats no longer ran from Wilfred as from an enemy, and Launcelot seemed to miss his young master very much when the holidays were over.

Wilfred had learnt his lesson. May every other boy and every girl learn, also that kindness to animals, who are good kind, and dutiful to us, is a strict duty, a pleasure, an obligation—unkindness a most grevious sin in the sight of God and man.

In McKean county, this state, 150 000 gallons of crude petroleum are said to daily run to waste. The tanks are all full, and the production is 5 000 barrels a day more than can possibly be handled by the present appliances. The streams are literally rivers of oil, and the earth has absorbed such quantities of it that in some places the ground is a mass of greasy mud several inches deep. In some places the oil is collected in ponds and burned, as the only way to get rid of it.

A new sect has arisen in England called the "Conditional Immorality Association." It consists of those who believe that the wicked will die outright and the good go to heaven. In this country they are known as Annihilationists.

Cerebrations.

CONDUCTED BY "WILKINS MICAWBER."

Address all communications to Wilkins Micawber, No. 244 North Seventeenth St., Philadelphia, Pa. Solutions and original contributions solicited.

ANSWERS.

No. 429. CAPRICE.

No. 430.
J A R E F
A S E L E
C O M E N
O L I V A
S A T E S

No. 431. PROPHOS.

No. 432.
P E T R E L
C A R R E S
M A R R E D
C A R R O M
C A R V E R
M O R S E L

No. 433. SPRINGFIELD

No. 434.
C O R N E T
D U R H A M
C A R E S S
D O R I A N
D U M P E D
P A U P E R

No. 435. The Pleasures of Memory.—(Rogers.)

No. 436.
M
H O E
J A M E S
H A B I T A T
N O M I N A T E D
E N T A I L E D
S A T E D
T E N
D

No. 437. EPHIALTES. CACODEMON. PHIGALIAN.

No. 438.
S H A S T E R
M I P T I L E
A P T O T E S
S T O W A G E
T I T A N I C
E L E G I S T
R E S E C T S

No. 439. Come quarters drink this little treat—
Here's to our friend the "Evening Post,"
"Micawber" has his forces massed
And something has turned up at last.

No. 440.
F
F I D
F O L E R
F Y R A M E S
F O R E M A S T S
F I L A M E N T O I D
D E M A N D A N T
R E S T A T E
S T O N E
S I T
D

No. 441. NUMERICAL.
A mass of melted ore
1, 2 and 4
In 5 to 4 you strive
"Into a hole to drive,"
If in a nice tight place
Take my advice escape,
If you see 1 to 3.
Before it is too late.
New York City. MOM.

No. 444. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.
(Three letter words.)
1. To chatter. 2. The whole number. 3. A coin. 4. A small pigeon. 5. Termination. 6. A part of the body.
PRIMALS:—A gem. FINALS:—A metallic ore.
Philadelphia, Pa. ALEC. SANDER.

No. 443. CHARADE.
I FIRST around rising
I FIRST around falling
I FIRST TOTAL on the floor;
A FIRST that was rising
A FIRST that was falling,
The TOTAL caused on the floor.
New York City. FETTEROL.

No. 446. REVERSIBLE DIAMOND.
1. In Philadelphia. 2. A river of North Carolina. 3. A plant. 4. Virgin. 5. In Philadelphia.
Baltimore, Md. RANDOLPH.

No. 447. CHARADE.
(Solution by sound.)
What gratifies the carnal mind
And makes the moral senses blind.
For which we many bills have stewed?
You'll find the answer, THIRD.
What is it keeps the wolf at bay,
And makes the hearts of all so gay,
What is it drives dull care away?
For answer, SECOND THIRD.
And when maternal doubts arise,
About the daily food supplies,
The nice tea cakes and pumpkin pies
I say FIRST SECOND THIRD.
What gives the lovers heart content,
As though a boon from Heaven were sent,
A thing that may oft repent,
The same, FIRST, SECOND, THIRD.
San Francisco, Cal. J. C. M.

No. 448. SQUARE.
1. Having ribs. 2. Checks. 3. Larders. 4. An annuity. 5. One of a sect of Montanists. 6. Wood for making fences (Prov. Eng.) 7. A sect of people.
Baltimore, Md. HAL HAZARD.

No. 449. CHARADE.
Through shady woods one balmy eve I strayed,
Along a lonely LAST, long since decayed,
No longer trod by farmer's weary FIRST,
Nor sported on by laughing girls at erst.
The birds among the tree-tops sweetly sang,
And on the fragrant air their clear notes rang,
While underneath them pensively I mused,
And wandered on through passages unused,
When suddenly from out a bush there stepped
A WHOLE; in theft and pillage an adept,
In countenance a dead'n in look, a rogue,
And soiled and torn in rough and broken brogue.
"Your life or gold?"—But though I was unarmed,
By FIRST, dear reader, I escaped unharmed.
Newark, N. J. APOLLO.

No. 450. DIAMOND.
1. A letter. 2. A stratum. 3. The daughter of Saturn and Ops. 4. A variety of apple. 5. An oriental city. 6. Disfigured. 7. Young or small herrings. 8. A male nickname. 9. A letter.
Lansdale, Pa. BALFOUR.

No. 451. CHARADE.
From FIRST sailed out the "Bonnie Nine,"
The Captain WHOLE good weather;
The masts and rigging all were new,
The crew "fine as a feather."
When out at sea she struck a squall
Which made her sink quite fast,
The ship went down, the crew and all,
And here the career of the "Bonnie Nine" LAST.
Salisbury, Ills. SOL. VERE.

No. 452. SQUARE.
1. Having ribs. 2. Checks. 3. Larders. 4. An annuity. 5. One of a sect of Montanists. 6. Wood for making fences (Prov. Eng.) 7. A sect of people.
Baltimore, Md. HAL HAZARD.

No. 453. CHARADE.
Through shady woods one balmy eve I strayed,
Along a lonely LAST, long since decayed,
No longer trod by farmer's weary FIRST,
Nor sported on by laughing girls at erst.
The birds among the tree-tops sweetly sang,
And on the fragrant air their clear notes rang,
While underneath them pensively I mused,
And wandered on through passages unused,
When suddenly from out a bush there stepped
A WHOLE; in theft and pillage an adept,
In countenance a dead'n in look, a rogue,
And soiled and torn in rough and broken brogue.
"Your life or gold?"—But though I was unarmed,
By FIRST, dear reader, I escaped unharmed.
Newark, N. J. APOLLO.

No. 454. DIAMOND.
(Respectfully dedicated to "Flowy Ann.")
1. It is not often that I am inclined
To put to rhyme a diamond or a square;
Some time ago Et Pen did me remind,
That it was time to give the boys a "scare,"
2. So here's my SECOND, friend, it is a fish,
But not a catfish as will soon be seen,
'Twould make a dainty palatable dish,
Fit to be set before a king or queen.
3. A bold faced person may be called a THIRD.
Now do not think 'tis rare or obsolete.
For never do I use an ancient word
Upon my word, I never do indeed.
4. For this the FOURTH, I've tried my best to find
A definition that will suit you all;
At last, moreover, I did take no kind
And patient silver put it in its own nail.
5. The FIFTH, which means inlaid with wood in mosaic;
And colored figures, do not feign surprise,
It's quite correct, though it is not at all
A definition one would call concise.
6. The inspissated juice of common lettuce,
Ha! ha! I thought 'twould make you feel quite blue.
But puzzlers dear, brace up, get up, and let us
See what is here that can't so frighten you.
7. Now come some words that often vex my mind.
When definitions of them I must give;
But often trying 'tis not hard to find
For it means re——ha! nearly did I give.
8. The word away. So let us take the next
"He tests again," oh! how I do detest
These words that often have a power vexed;
But let us pass and look upon the rest.
9. The passions and affections here appear;
Now many think that this is somewhat fair,
But rest assured that it is right, my dear
As sure as well sure as geese are minus hair.
10. The TENTH N. Webster says does 'and for' treat.
Now this will put you in a pretty fix.
A nipple would be just the thing to suit,
Oh! yes it would had it not letters six.
11. The diamond alone, and I should feel offended
If any of the posers call it hard,
I'd fight a duel with him, if it ended,
My days of life—in that case here's my card.
Parsons, Kans. CAPT. CUTTLE.

ANSWERS NEXT WEEK.

PRIZES.

1. The POST six months for FIRST COMPLETE list of solutions.
2. The POST three months for NEXT BEST list.

SOLVERS.

Cerebrations of Sept. 27th were solved by Flowy Ann, Jarep, A. Solver, Mamie Richardson, Percy Vere, Goose Quill, J. C. M., Mattie Jay, Dick, Alec. Sander, Observer, O. Possum, Will I. Am, Maud Lynd, Mrs. Nickleby, Theron, Effendi, Grebrennewj, A. Nimey, Capt. Cuttle, Peggotty, Thirsty McQuill, Apollo, Gabmew, Harry A. Milton.

COMPLETE LISTS:—Flowy Ann, Jarep, A. Solver, Mamie Richardson, Percy Vere, Goose Quill, J. C. M., Mattie Jay, Dick.

PRIZE WINNERS.

1. Flowy Ann, Lexington, Ky.
2. Jarep, New York City.

ACCEPTED CONTRIBUTIONS.

Live Oak—Half Square. Hannah B. Gage—Cryptogram, Enigma and three Crosswords. Grebrennewj—Diamond. O. Possum—Compound Word-Action Double Diabolical Acrostic. Alex. Sander—Square. E. L. C. R.—Triple Acrostic and three Charades.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MAMIE RICHARDSON—First-rate for the first time. Don't stop with the first attempt, but let us hear from you frequently.

LIVE OAK—Letter received. Come, Oak, come with us to the "greenwood tree" and we will introduce you to "Miss L. Toe."

HANNAH B. GAGE—Your Bag GAGE came out along to-day and we will look for you on the next train.

O POSSUM—Next time you send such an Arrostic, mark it "Glass—handle with care;" and forward by easy stages.

MODERN SPHINX—Glad to see you looking so healthy. We approached Capt. Cuttle's Knowhold with "a New Zeal and plant"-ed the Sphinx on one hand and Webster on the other, but the "Latin proper name" struck us amidships and there is nothing left of Wilkins Micawber but the "abbreviation of a title" W. M.

THE CROSS AND CROWN.

BY ALICE I. MCALILLY.

I am sitting alone in the moonlight,
And thinking my darling of you:
And fancy your dear face is smiling
From the portals of heaven's dark blue.
Just one year ago to-night, love,
When the leaves were turning brown,
We were bearing life's crosses together—
And together awaiting the crown.

We had passed many happy days, dear—
Many days of sorrow and pain;
But we shared life's toil together,
And shared together life's gain.
And we hoped to travel the journey
Hand in hand to heaven's gate,
But the Savior called you before, love,
And left me alone to wait.

The green robes of summer have faded,
And the wind moans a dirge-like tune,
As I sit awaiting thy beckon,
'Neath the light of the beautiful moon.
The flowers on your grave have withered,
And the brown leaves are rustling down;
But still I am bearing the cross, love,
While you are wearing the crown.

My load seems lighter and lighter,
As the days are swift fleeting away,
And heaven seems nearer and nearer—
Earth's pleasures are touched with decay.
The moonlight falls softly around me,
And the stars look lovingly down:
But I'm longing to leave the cross, love,
And with you be wearing the crown.

FROGS AND TOADS IN STONE.

FROGS and toads are endowed with a power of bearing privation quite beyond that of most other animals with which we are acquainted. They have so little need of air for breathing, and so great an endowment of the power of dispensing with food for a lengthened period, that, as ascertained by actual experiment, they can survive for months or even years in closed cavities where the maintenance of vitality would seem well nigh incredible. In blocks of stone, in the solid trunks of trees, incased in a wall of cement or plaster allowed to solidify around them—in all these mysterious recesses it is said they have been found alive. Blocks of solid stone have been quarried revealing living toads and frogs in the interior, and other blocks containing cavities apparently moulded around such animals—the denizens having somehow or other disappeared. If the rings in the trunk of a tree are a token and measure of its age, then a toad has occasionally been found imbedded in the layers which were formed generations ago, let it have got there how it may.

Toads in clay have been more frequently met with than in trees; sometimes a whole family have been thus ferreted out at once. In one case the creature was met with about six feet beneath the surface, in a layer of tough clay customarily used for making coarse brown ware. Above this layer, in successive strata, were ferruginous coal of poor quality, clay, a loam of clay and gravel, and meadow-turf at the top. The toad was found filling a cavity as wax does a seal. A minute examination of the superincumbent strata failed to detect any fissure through which the animal could have entered. The light of day seemed at first to distress it, but this it soon became accustomed to; the eyes were brilliant, the skin moist, the mouth quite closed.

Shale and coal are included among the abodes of these curious batrachians. In 1874 a miner, while digging an underground passage, struck into a layer of shale at a depth of forty or fifty feet below the surface; a large frog leaped out, with its mouth closed, its eyes apparently sightless, its muscular power greatly weakened, and its breathing effected through the skin. How long the animal lived after restoration to the light of day, we are not told.

Brick walls, too, are sometimes the prison-houses of toads and frogs. A few years ago a toad was found in a small cavity in a brick wall. As the wall was known to have been built in 1740 and as the discovery was made in 1860, had the creature been thus bricked up for a hundred and twenty years? It survived about six weeks after extraction.

A better feeling than absolute incredulity is one that prompts men to search for a rational explanation of unexpected marvels; and such search has not been neglected in regard to our present subject. A member of the French Academy, after examining a large number of recorded instances, came to the conclusion that the animal, when young and very small, creeps (or it may be falls) into a stone through a crevice or fissure too small to attract general notice; he feeds upon insects which he may have taken in with him, or dragged in from time to time; he grows rapidly, and becomes too bulky to emerge from the door by which he entered, and has to undergo involuntary imprisonment. Then comes into operation his remarkable power of living almost without food or air. When the stone is broken, as in a quarry, the cleavage is likely to follow the line of the fissure, and lays bare the incarcerated batrachian—as naturalists call this order of reptiles. Toads, it is pretty well known, sleep all the winter, jumbled up together in a heap in any suitable cavity. The life of a toad in a stone may be merely a prolongation of his winter's nap. So profoundly does the animal sleep, that he may be and has been, artificially frozen till quite hard and brittle, and yet vitality reasserts itself after slow thawing. Geologists now believe that millions of years must have passed since the first solidification of many kinds of hard stone in which frogs and toads have been found; the stone certainly did not harden around the intruders, and they must therefore have got into it somehow from without, in comparatively recent times.

Some naturalists believe that the skin of a frog has the property of acting upon the atmosphere in such a way as to imitate in a degree the action of the lungs, thus supplying the prisoner with a little air in a manner not available to less gifted animals.

There is something well worthy of notice in the following suggestion, put forward by a naturalist a few years ago. Chinks, crevices, holes, vacuities of various kinds are naturally formed in many stony strata and in many trunks of trees. The eggs of toads may accidentally be conveyed into these small openings; and after they are hatched, the animals may receive moisture and small portions of air from without.

Direct experiments have not been wholly wanting in connection with this subject. About half a century ago, Dr. Buckland, the eminent geologist, obtaining a large block of oolitic limestone, caused twelve circular cells or cavities to be made in it, each five inches in diameter by twelve inches deep, with a groove at the top to receive a plate glass cover, and a slate to protect the glass. A block was also obtained of siliceous sandstone, and twelve cells scooped in it, equal in diameter to the others, but not so deep. Twenty-four toads of various ages and sizes were put into the cells, one in each; the cells were closely sealed up, and the blocks buried deep in the ground. When opened a year afterwards, it was found that nearly half the toads were still alive; inclosed for another twelve months, these survivors also died. About the same time Dr. Buckland buried four toads deeply in cavities cut in the trunk of an apple tree, and carefully closed the cavities with bungs of wood. In about a year's time, it was found that the reptiles were dead. M. Seguin, about 1830, placed several toads in an equal number of vessels, and inclosed them with plaster of Paris. After an interval of several years, the vessels were opened, and one of the imprisoned toads was found still living, although the extremely hard cement had become exactly moulded on the animal, leaving no vacant space between them. On liberation, the creature crept out into the light of day.

Taking everything into consideration, our conclusion is that no animal can live without air and food beyond a comparatively short period. Gifted as are the batrachi with peculiar powers in this respect, toads and frogs may, and undoubtedly have been known to survive an incarceration of a few years. But here the matter ends. A year or two of solitary confinement deprives the toad even of its tenacious life.

Grains of Gold.

Self love is the greatest of all flatterers.

Do not interrupt another when speaking.

The ripest fruit will not fall into your mouth.

Worrying will wear the richest life to shreds.

Good manners are made up of petty sacrifices.

Do not find fault, though you may gently criticise.

Feeling is no criterion whatever of right or wrong.

Slight small injuries and they will become none at all.

The meaning we attach to words depends on our feeling.

Do not talk of your private, personal and family matters.

Do not allow yourself to lose temper or speak excitedly.

Do not appear to notice inaccuracies of speech in others.

Do not allude to unfortunate peculiarities of any one present.

Riches got by deceit, cheat no man so much as the getter.

Weigh thy words in a balance, and make a door and bar for thy mouth.

If every year we rooted out one vice, we should soon become perfect men.

Those who trample on the helpless are disposed to cringe to the powerful.

Every person is sure of at least one good friend if he will not abuse himself.

Every man is bound to tolerate the act of which he himself sets the example.

How canst thou be a judge of another's heart, who dost not know thy own.

Do not, when narrating an incident, continually say "you see," "you know," etc.

Do not introduce politics, religion or weighty topics for conversation when making calls.

They who are very indulgent to themselves seldom have much consideration for others.

Strength of mind depends much upon sobriety, for this keeps reason unclouded by passion.

Though charity may make your purse lighter one day, yet it will make it heavier another.

No indulgence of the passions destroys the spiritual nature so much as respectable selfishness.

Do not call upon a person in reduced circumstances with a display of wealth, dress and equipage.

When we are alone we have our thoughts to watch; in our families, our temper; and in society, our tongues.

Don't expect to climb to the top of the ladder by one effort. Enduring success is generally won by slow and patient toil.

A beautiful godly life, a noble manhood, filled full of fidelities and heroisms, is itself the best statement and the best defense of substantial Christianity.

The more a man accomplishes the more he may. An active tool never gets rusty. You always find those men the most forward to do good, or to improve the times and manners, always busy.

We celebrate nobler obsequies to those we love by drying the tears of others than by shedding our own; and the fairest funeral wreath we can hang on their tomb, is not so fair as the fruit-offering of good deeds.

Let those who are appointed to judge of the character of others, bear in mind their own imperfections, and rather strive by sympathy to soften the pang arising from a conviction of guilt, than by misrepresentation to increase it.

Strive to gain new ideas not thought of by others, for they are the mothers of progress. If we always retain our old thoughts, and cherish them as the only truths, we stop in the dark, and will soon rapidly digress in wisdom and power.

Bad company is like a nail driven into a post, which, after the first or second blow, may be drawn out with little difficulty, but, being once driven up to the head, the pincers cannot take hold to draw it out, and it can only be done by the destruction of the wood.

None of us wish to change our identity for that of another; yet we are never satisfied with ourselves. The unknown has always a charm, and unless blinded by miserable vanity, we know ourselves too well to appreciate our special characteristics at a very high rate.

We must consult the gentlest manner and softest reason of address in our admonishment; our advice must not fall like a violent storm, bearing down and making those to droop whom it is meant to cherish and refresh. It must descend as the dew upon the tender herb, or like melting flakes of snow—the softer it falls the longer it dwells upon, and the deeper it sinks into the mind.

Femininities.

A Berks county thief stole a woman's false teeth.

Miss-Construction — Whalebone, paint, powder, etc.

Going out with the tied—A wedding party leaving the church.

A woman in London has paid two hundred fines for drunkenness.

Man's clothes are of his life a thing apart; they're woman's whole existence.

A man owes his success in his life work to the woman who walks beside him.

If there be a curse that has come to earth as the crow flies, it is that of an ill-assorted marriage.

After a miss has celebrated one score and-a-half of birthdays, her age becomes a profound mystery.

Widows are proverbially tender-hearted, perhaps because black absorbs more heat than any other color.

It is reported that a lady applied the other morning at the box office of a theatre for "preserved seats for two."

Latest fashionable mania in England—Dear Tilly, come over this evening and have a quiet pipe. Yours, Ella.

Some of the London barmaids have emulated the example set by those above them, and dress in Greek costume.

"What were the worst results of the civil war?" cried an orator. "Widows!" shouted Jones, who had married one.

"A kind word spoken to a husband will go farther than a broomstick or a flirtation," says a woman of experience.

Every man's roof covers a little corner of Paradise, unless he has a scolding wife, in which case the climate changes.

Why was it that the Spartan wives were so heroic as to send forth their husbands to battle? "Because they looked well in black."

There are still nearly 5 000 women and girls employed about the coal mines of the United Kingdom of Great Britian and Ireland.

Women are more apt to be influenced by money than men are. Therefore they are more likely to marry for wealth than men are.

A young girl, Miss Miller, a daughter of a prominent citizen of Texas, chloroformed all her father's dogs, then eloped with a young man and was married.

Marie Christine, King Alfonso's fiancee, has begun the study of the Spanish language. When Alfonso speaks to her she is going to know how to talk back.

Sara Bernhardt, the actress, at her residence has no door-handles. The moment you step upon the threshold the door flies open. This saves your knuckles.

About the guiltiest-looking people in the world are a man accused of a crime of which he is innocent, and a newly-married couple trying to pass for veterans.

When a man has the left shoulder of his dress-coat spoiled by a deposit of rouge, he is apt to feel that the only color the ladies should use is the "pink of propriety."

Women govern us: let us try to render them more perfect. The more they are enlightened, so much the more we shall be. On the cultivation of the minds of women depends the wisdom of man.

When a boy walks with a girl as though he were afraid some one would see him, the girl is his sister. If he walks so close to her as to nearly crowd her against the fence, she is the sister of some one else.

A Miss Gush was elected School Superintendent in Ohio last Tuesday, on Wednesday appointed a male deputy, and on Thursday married him. This shows how mean women can be when they have the advantage.

A Miss Whitten now in Maine, has probably the longest hair of any woman in the world. It is eight feet long, and when dressed in a French twist it passes six times around her head. The growth is perfectly natural.

A man gets mad on being told that he has a cheek of brass; but a woman smiles sweetly whenever informed that she has a brow of marble, a neck of alabaster, and lips of coral. This difference in the disposition of the sexes is no doubt owing to woman's superior fortitude.

Mrs. Ann Glanville is an English woman nearly ninety years old, who is said to be the best female rower in the world, having, with a crew of four other women, won victories over similar crews in England and France, and in other cases over boats manned by men.

Parting advice of fond mother to daughter, on bidding her good night:—"If you and John must sit up till midnight, all right; but I'm not going to be kept awake by a torrent of talk, now I tell you." The young couple take the hint, and a siege of silence reigns that for perfection of enjoyment is simply unexcelled.

It was in Chicago. The lady was leaning on the arm of an elegant and wealthy young man, and leading her little daughter by the hand, when suddenly the child cried: "Oh, ma, ma! look there! See that gentleman that's passing. Don't you know him?" "N—no, my child." "Why, mamma; he was pa last year!"

The French don't believe in anything good out of France. An American who recently married a charming French girl, proposed an autumn tour in Switzerland. "The mountains are magnificent," said he; "the lakes are charming." "Never mind the lakes and mountains," she muttered lovingly in his ears, "bring me, dear, to some country of good shops."

"My love," said an adoring husband to his second wife, as they were leaving the church, where they had just been married—"my love, how embarrassed you seemed to be. I was afraid you wouldn't get through with the ceremony." "Oh, well, you know, my dear, this is my first marriage. Next time I shall be as lively as can be," was the soothing reply.

A child stealer said to be the widow of a Count, and well educated, has been discovered in Paris, and is known as the "Ogress des Lilas." Her method was to stand at the entrance of a foundling hospital and induce those bringing children there to let her have them, on the ground that she would have them placed in families where they would have every advantage. In this way she obtained several children, but what has become of them is a mystery.

Facetiæ.

Hop merchants—Dancing masters.

Can a lady who is making pies be said to be piously engaged?

A yacht can stand on a tack without swearing. A man can't.

Rich widows are the only second-hand article that sell at prime cost.

A white man who had married a negress offered color-blindness as an excuse.

So close is the sympathy between night and day that after one falls the other breaks.

Nero, Pompey, and Cæsar are common names for dogs, but wouldn't Agrippa be more appropriate?

Anybody can catch a cold now. The trouble is to let it go again, like the man who caught the bear.

If we may accept literally the scriptural teaching, the tool of the present will be the fuel of the future.

A man of philosophical temperament resembles a cucumber—for although he may be completely cut up, he still remains cool.

"Have you a mother-in-law?" asked a man of a disconsolate looking person. "No," he replied, "but I have a father in jail."

It has been suggested that a pretty girl in front and a tax-collector behind would keep the average pedestrian up to a five-hundred-and-fifty mile score.

Some unknown philosopher has recently formulated the idea that in a game of cards a good deal depends on good playing, and good playing on a good deal.

Some will have it that Nature can do no wrong. Still, it looks strange to see her clothe the trees with leaves in summer, when they might go bare without catching cold.

A college student, in rendering to his father an account of his term expenses, inserted, "To charity, $30." His father wrote back, "I fear charity covers a multitude of sins."

A lecturer on optics in explaining the mechanism of the organ of vision, remarked: "Let any man gaze closely into his wife's eye, and he will see himself look exceedingly small."

A girl suffering from lockjaw was left alone with a mouse by a shrewd physician, and she contrived to open her mouth enough to give a yell that made the crockery in the china closet rattle.

Why wouldn't it be a good idea to feed Limburg cows with savory herbs so that the cheese would not smell so bad? We simply throw this out as a suggestion, as it may improve the breed of cheese.

It was in the sixteenth century that wood yard men first discovered how to pile the sticks crossways in a box and larrup a customer out of one-eighth on every cord. Don't look upon it as a new thing.

The following announcement lately appeared in a newspaper: Edward Eden, painter, is requested to communicate with his brother, when he will hear of something to his advantage—his creditors are dead.

A clergyman told his congregation that, "notwithstanding the hard times, the wages of sin had not been cut down one iota." That is all very true, but there's a heap more work done for the money than there used to be.

A rather gaily dressed young lady said to her Sunday-school class: "Give me an illustration of the pomps and vanities of the world?" The answer was honest, but rather unexpected: "Them flowers on your hat."

'Order is Heaven's first law." Or something that way. Some women construe this sentence to suit themselves, and never cease to "order" until confronted by the inquiry, "Who do you suppose is going to pay for all this?"

It was in a temperance meeting. The speaker increased in eloquence and noise and he cried: "Yes, my friends, we'll lift our temperance vessel out of the mire and mud unto hard, dry ground, and then sail beautifully along!"

It is said that a minister in a country church in Scotland stopped in the course of his sermon to ask a member who was deaf: "Are ye hearing, John?" "Oh, aye," was the response, "I am hearing, but to verra little purpose."

"There is something inexpressibly touching in the fallen leaves," sighs an esteemed author. There is, there is. It's when you slip on one of the articles of a wet morning, and touch the unsympathetic pavement with the end of yourself.

Train up a child in the way he shall go, and it may turn out that way in the long run, but all the precept and example ever promulgated can't save him from the sheepish, awkward feeling sure to seize him when he goes courting the first time.

"Some has bad luck from the start," said Mr. O'Conemara, "and sorra a taste av anything else iver comes to thim. Wid me, now, Oi was born a twin the same as me brother, and we niver had but wan birthday betune the two av us, until he died, long life to him."

There is nothing more essential in this world than ballast. It is even necessary to the poet. His ethereal flights would sometimes become too high were it not that his wife occasionally protrudes her hair through the door and announces that the dog is chasing the chickens.

They were engaged in archery, and her attitude was very fine as she let fly the feathered arrow from the twanging bow. "William, are you hit?" she softly murmured. "Shot through the heart," he answered. "Do, William," she pleaded—"do William, Tell." And thus it is that history repeats itself.

A poetess sings, "I love thee every hour" that's right. Girls who love a fellow only four or five hours out of the twenty-four, and bestow their affections upon several other chaps during the remaining hours of the day, are what New York custom officers would call "frauds in silk." They should love every hour or not at all.

BILIOUS DISORDERS, LIVER COMPLAINTS, COSTIVENESS, Dyspepsia, etc., are speedily removed by Dr. Jayne's Sanative Pills. Forty years' use has proved them superior to all other remedies for the cure of the various diseases for which they are recommended. In their action they are mild and certain, and may be taken at any time without risk from exposure.

New Publications.

MAGAZINES.

With the November number St. Nicholas concludes volume VII. It is needless to say that the contents are brimming with attractive pictures, verses and stories. Sarah Winter Kellogg opens the number with a story about How Some Dolls Broke the Law. Frank Converse has a graphic story, Adrift in the Ocean. R. S. T. gives some amusing illustrated verses on That Dropped Stitch. A suggestive sketch is about Two Allies. Arbor Vitæ, or Not a Home Story, is good. The Pensive Cricket is the title of some amusing illustrated verses. Olive Shaw writes about Playthings of All Times and Climes. Edgar Fawcett contributes a poem called A Legend of Harvest. Mary Mapes Dodge tells a story about The Family with whom Everything Went Wrong. Wm. O. Stoddard begins a serial story called Among the Lakes. Frank Stockton has a peculiar story, with illustrations, called Gudra's Daughter. An historical story about the Boy Heroes of Crecy and Poitiers, is by Trenidwell Walden. A funny story about Centaurs, with illustrations, by Church, is entitled The Boys at Chiron's School. The other contents are Mrs. McGinty's Pigs, an ice-raft story, I Know a Little Maiden who can Knit and can Sew (a jingle); Irene and the Yesterdays, a pretty imaginative story; Hunting Jack Rabbits, a Kansas sketch; Getting Ready for Thanksgiving, a farm house story; A Boy's Remonstrance, a poem; The Last Dauphin, a poem; The Country School House, a poem; The Little Runaway, a poem; St. Martin's Eve, a November story; concluding with a variety of Riddles, Jack in the Pulpit, &c.

The Scribners announce the November number of their magazine, of which they print 100,000, as the Agricultural number. It contains a variety of papers of great interest to farmers, business men, and others interested in rural life. The Agricultural Distress in Great Britain is discussed by P. T. Quinn; Farming in Kansas is an excellent paper by Henry King; E. P. Roe writes about Success in Small Fruits; Samuel Parsons has a paper on Rare Lawn Trees; The Mississippi Jetties are described, with a portrait of Eads; Ernest Ingersoll tells about How Animals Get Home, and an interesting description of the woods and streams of Northern Michigan is given in the paper on The Michigan Graylings. The number contains two fine portraits of Bayard Taylor which accompany a criticism of Taylor by Stedman. Clarence Cook has a paper on Morris Cole's Old Masters, with a reproduction by Cole of Raphael's Apollo and Marsyas. The number also contains a variety of stories, sketches, and poems, among which are an interesting description of the French Quarter of New York, by Wm. H. Rideing, with illustrations; Extracts from the Journal of Henry J. Raymond, including reminiscences of Webster; Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen's story of Pike on the Hilltop; A Sigh, a story by Elizabeth A. Reade; the fourth part of Henry James' serial, Confidence. Notable also in the list of contents are the opening chapters of a new American novel of Creole life, entitled The Grandissimes, by George W. Cable, the author of Old Creole Days, which promises to be of the highest class of fiction. The usual interesting Miscellany, Bric-a-Brac, &c., conclude the number.

The November number of the North American Review opens with a symposium on The Other Side of the Woman Question, contributed by Julia Ward Howe, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Lucy Stone, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, and Wendell Phillips. Part IV. of the Diary of a Public Man continues the unpublished passages of the secret history of the late civil war. Prof. Francis Bowen discusses Malthusianism, Darwinism and Pessimism. A Page of Political Correspondence gives some unpublished letters of Mr. Stanton to Mr. Buchanan. Prof. Arthur L. Perry writes about Tariff Reactions, and Edward Eggleston reviews George Eliot's Impressions of Theophrastus Such, Mrs. Burnett's Haworth's, and George W. Cable's Old Creole Days. Published by Appleton & Co., and edited by Allen Thorndyke Rice.

The recent progress of our knowledge regarding the sun, by Professor Langley, is the first paper in the November Popular Science Monthly. Professor Vilain writes on The Diseases of Wild Animals. The recent refined researches of Professor Crookes on radiant and highly refined matter are presented in a profusely illustrated article by himself. Professor Bain continues his biographical analysis of John Stuart Mill. Lieutenant Lyons, of the United States Navy, contributes a very interesting article on Ocean Meteorology. Dr. Pye Smith's brilliant address before the British Association on The Study of Physiology, is given. Other articles are Mythologic Philosophy, The Evolution of a New Sense, Why do Springs and Wells Overflow, Mars and his Moons, Intellectual Straining in Authorship, Respecting Rubbish, a reply to The Fallacies of Evolution, The Inauguration of Ango's Statue, and a sketch and portrait of Dr. Asa Fitch, lately deceased. The departments are of their usual fullness and interest. Published by Appleton & Co.

The papers in Appletons' Journal for November are the Memoirs of Madame de Remusat, the appearance of which is the literary event of the day in France. Madame de Remusat was maid of honor to Josephine with whom she remained from 1802 to 1806 and so followed her in her imperial fortunes. The Malakans, a sect of so-called Spiritual Christians of Russia, which describes the striking features of their mode of life and their belief. The City of Antwerp, by Rev. J. H. Pettingill; an essay by Anthony Trollope, entitled A Walk in a Wood; a critical essay on the recent biographies of Charles Lever and Theophile Gautier; a paper on the dramatist and poet Otway, etc., etc. The continuation of Vivian the Beauty, by Mrs. Edwardes, and of The Seamy Side, are very interesting, and the editor's departments are up to their usual standard.

Wide Awake for November is as usual laden with good things. In the list of contents are said's Telephone, The Training School-ship Minnesota, with twelve pictures. No. IX. of Mr. Benjamin's papers on American Artists gives a sketch of George L. Brown. Paul Hayne contributes the poem The Ground Squirrel. A funny four-page poem, The Tragical History of Chang Fung Lee; The Wonderful Trio; The Fun-and-Frolic Art School; The Storks. The three serials, The Dogberry Ranch, by Mrs. Catherwood; St. Olave's, by Magnus Merriweather, and Don Quixote, by John Brownjohn, all point toward conclusion. Among the poems are Baby's Picture, Pretty Polly Pansy, First St. Martin's Summer, A Little Boy's Troubles, The Wolf and the Goats, etc., etc. As usual the illustrations are many and magnificent.

The Nursery for November is as bright and charming as ever, the lovely pictures, stories and verses ought to carry sunshine wherever they go. Published by Shorey & Co., of Boston.

Messrs. Belford Clarke & Co., of Chicago, are publishing an American reprint of "London Society." They have issued two numbers, which are a counterpart of the English edition, both in typography, binding and illustrations.

We have received the first number of "The World of Fashion," a new illustrated monthly, devoted to fashion, needle-work, art, home matters, literature, poetry and society. It contains a large size illustrated sheet on one side of which are diagram of patterns, and on the other a variety of designs for needlework and dress. The monthly is very profusely illustrated, and is gotten up with the idea of being a practical guide for ladies on all subjects interesting to the sex.

The November number of Potter's American Monthly contains: Japan and her People by M. A. Bruhmet. Sophie S. Hungerford tells about The Tragedy of St. Jean d'Angeli. Just One Year is a short story by Leigh North. Chapters VII, VIII and IX continue the serial story The New Ministers. Horace Porter Gillingham writes about Shells and Shell Painting, with illustrations. "Eh" is a pathetic sketch by Paul Pastnor. An Antique is a short story by James S. Marshall. Guy Ainslee writes about Suspended Animation and there are other very interesting subjects treated. The concluding miscellany is devoted to a variety of subjects.

Not a Drug.

The public have suffered long enough from drug-poisoning, and have become afraid of pill and potion. "Compound Oxygen" is not a drug, and does not cure by the substitution of one disease for another, as when drugs are taken; but by an orderly process of revitalization. See what has been said before in this paper, and send for our Treatise giving full information. It will be mailed free. Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1112 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Parties wishing to operate in Stock, in large or small amounts, will find a safe and profitable method through the undersigned. Explanations and financial paper, market reports, etc., free on application. MALLEY & GALE Stock Brokers 35 Broadway, N. Y.

News Notes.

Never water indoor plants until their dry soils signify they want a drink.

The estate of O'Brien the mining speculator, turns out to be worth $9 000,000.

Charles Reade is getting so deaf that it is almost impossible to converse with him.

A soldier at Woolwich, Eng., has just registered his infant son in the name of "Cetywayo."

In Macon, Ga., no child will be allowed at a public school unless its father has paid a poll tax.

EXTRACT FROM COPY.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,
Office of the 1st Asst. P. M. General,
WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 21st, 1879.

POSTMASTER,
Rahway, N. J.,

SIR:—

Complaint has been made that you are withholding letters addressed to M. A. Dauphin.

The simple fact that a letter is addressed to M. A. Dauphin does not under the present ruling of the Department warrant its detention at the mailing office.

Very respectfully,
(Signed) JAMES H. MARR,
1st. Asst. P. M. General.

Rowland Hill's marriage was a true romance. He and his future wife had in their childhood been playfellows together. He was in his old age never weary of telling how much he owed to the tender devotion of his wife during the years of their long and happy wedded life.

Eastern Siberia is menaced by famine; the prices of grain are higher than were ever known before, and the poorer classes are suffering severely. The harvest is extremely poor, and the cattle plague has increased the evil, there being in many villages not one beast left alive.

A green rose has bloomed in Durham, N. C. The bud presents the natural appearance of the ordinary rose, but in its development and expansion the petals seem to have been displaced by an abnormal duplication or multiplication of the calyx, the sections of which are crowded together, making a full, green flower.

Hop Bitters is a preventive and cure for Ague; it is your own fault if you have it.

In the infected vessel John Welch, at Memphis, was sent up two dogs, two cats, one monkey, two rabbits, three guinea pigs, two geese, three chickens; and the animals all escaped infection except one dog, who had a sharp attack of fever with delirium and coma. He recovered, however, and the doctors are in doubt whether the dog had yellow fever after all.

The False Notions

Exist in the minds of many otherwise intelligent people as to the requirements of a disordered stomach or liver. The swallowing of nauseous and powerful drugs is the way to encourage, not to cure dyspepsia and liver complaints. Nor can a constipated or otherwise disordered condition of the bowels be remedied by similar treatment. That agreeable and thorough stomachic and aperient, Hostetter's Bitters, which is the reverse of unpleasant, and never produces violent effects is far preferable to medicines of the class referred to. It infuses new vigor into a failing physique, cheers the mind while it strengthens the body and institutes a complete reform in the action of the disordered stomach, bowels or liver. Appetite and sleep are both promoted, uterine and kidney affections greatly benefited by its use. It is indeed a comprehensive and meritorious preparation, free from drawbacks of any kind.

Consumption Cured

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For full information and special instructions relative to the premiums offered by club raisers send to the Publishers at Louisville, Ky., for specimen copy of Home and Farm, in every number of which will be found a full list of premiums offered. Specimen copies free.

Ladies' Department.

FASHION NOTES.

THERE are very pretty dresses for evening wear made of white Indian muslin with a scarf of fine colored cotton material worked in gold. The casaquin is of Indian muslin lined with crimson satin, cut square and ornamented with flots of Breton lace and gold embroidery. A more dressy toilette is a Princess robe of white satin with the whole of the centre of the front of the skirt embroidered with roses in all colors, but in pale, faint shades. On each side a revers of white satin terminates at the train, which it helps to sustain in a puff. The front of the corsage also forms an embroidered plastron, and the centre of the embroidered back ends in a point. The elbow sleeves have an embroidered parement and flots of satin ribbon matching the shades in the embroidery. Similar loops of satin ribbon are arranged on the white satin revers.

A Trotteuse costume, as they are called, of gendarme blue vigogne, is trimmed with shot satin, the jacket of vigogne, the waistcoat of satin showing under the jacket all round to the depth of eight inches. The front of the jacket is made with revers, the back with wide satin folds fastened with large buttons, the jacket fastens with two rows of similar buttons. The pleated vigogne skirt is trimmed with three bands two inches wide, the whole being pleated together. The rounded tunic gracefully draped on one side forms a wide satin revers. An elegant Trotteuse of shot satin and broche silk has the skirt of satin with five narrow pleatings of broche, finished by a satin ruche at the edge; this ruche is tied down by scarabees. The jacket of broche with the same design repeated, as well as on the tunic.

The bonnet worn with this costume is of satin, slightly quilted and fastened down with scarabees; the interior of the bonnet is of drawn satin, with satin strings. Many Trotteuse costumes are made of vigogne and various cashmeres, such as Indian, Persian, Oriental, Palme and Scotch (so called) cashmere, which is really a very fine tweed.

A stylish visiting toilette is of steel grey satin, trimmed with Persian cachemire, the corsage closing very high in the neck, with satin revers, collar, passements, and pockets, with very large enamelled buttons; the jacket forms swallow tails at the back, the skirt of satin has robings of pleated satin, the tunic of Persian cachemire, draped by satin scarves.

Another dress is of grenat satin and broche cashmere, composed of woolen and silken tissues; the skirt of this dress is curious; it consists of alternate widths of the two fabrics, pleated twenty inches from the hem; above this the skirt is drawn, for five inches, then draped at the side, while on the opposite side is a pointed flchu which is lost under the drawings; the back has a draped tunic of the two fabrics, also pointed and finished by a fringe. Satin sleeves with cashmere paraments.

Black toilettes are so useful and so generally worn, even by ladies who are not in mourning, that a few descriptions of these are always acceptable; most of those now made are of grenadine, and can be worn in winter or summer as toilettes for evening wear. The first we saw was a Javotte costume of Russian grenadine with four pleated flounces, each one ornamented with three rows of black satin ribbon. A scarf of grenadine bordered with satin took the place of a tunic, and was draped at the back in three puffs. The paysanne bodice had the basque turned up with bows of satin ribbon; black satin revers ornamented the neck, and a chemisette of black grenadine was made to remove at will; the edge of the corsage was finely gathered. A more dressy toilette for evening wear was made with a longer train; the front was composed of a number of small flounces of black lace, rather widely pleated and separated by rows of loops of black satin ribbon half falling over the lace flounces. The paniers were of black lace mingled with satin; and the corsage, cut square with a point, was of black satin fastened at the back, and the front ornamented with rows of lace and narrow satin ribbon. The sleeves were made with sabots; the train at the back was a wide scarf or satin. The sides of this toilette may be of satin, and the centre of the train of lace, which is exceedingly elegant.

There has been a decided improvement in the shot silks, which are called "glace" silks by French manufacturers, and "changeable silks" by Americans. They are shown in plain surfaces that display a prominent color in one light and its contrasting hue in another view; there are also striped shot silks with a half-inch satin stripe of self-color alternating with a shot stripe, and these have a quaint antique effect when the two materials are used in the same costume. All the fashionable shades are blended in these silks; thus garnet is shot with gendarme blue; old gold and blue are together; cardinal and green are contrasted; mahogony brown is shot with peacock blue; plum-color and old-gold are beautifully combined; olive green and blue are quaint shades together; rose and silver is an evening shot silk; green glace with gold is very dark and rich; black is combined with each of the stylish shades, and looks especially well with red silver or gold.

Shot bonnet ribbons, like silk serge, and about two and a half inches wide, are also made; likewise shot twilled serges, which are cut bias for millinery purposes.

Very stylish bonnets for the demi saison are made of black tulle with little bouquets of jet beads embroidered on the brim and crown, and trimmed with black Breton lace. A novelty in foliage for ornamenting chapeaux is parsley, which is mingled with flowers of all kinds. The chapeaux are shaped like Directoire capotes, and are of moderate size; it is said, however, that during the winter their proportions will increase very much. The Clarissa Harlowe with a large bow of blue or white cashmere is still a favorite model.

Combs of all kinds are worn in the hair; some are shaped like diadems, and others are flat, or rounded to follow the contour of the head when the coiffure is flat. Small swords of light or dark tortoise-shell also form a graceful ornament for the hair.

In fancy bijouterie one of the most curious novelties is a tortoise in small diamonds suspended from a little gold bar with a pearl at each end; pins are made of pearls, and are stuck through a silver card on which the name is engraved. Enamelled bracelets are much worn, as are also those of antique medals or coins, and bracelets made to imitate those formerly worn by slaves.

Some new shoes are made of snake skin. Calfskin shoes are made with metal eyelet holes and heels.

The newest coiffures for morning wear are of Chinese foulard in the most delicate shades, ornamented with fine lace.

I remarked at the leading houses that the paniers are altered in form. Instead of being short, and full on the hips, they are carried further back, are narrow and long, and they disappear low down on the skirt under the pouf. I saw an exquisite Louis XVI. costume in bronze cashmere and satin; the casaquin, of bronze cashmere, covered with many-colored palms, formed long paniers at the sides, losing themselves under the drapery, the edge of the tunic and the plaits of the skirt were trimmed with a deep band of cashmere to match.

I saw many winter mantles during my shopping excursion, and came to the conclusion that the demi-train casaquin in dark cloth, trimmed with skunk, will be the best style for morning wear. It reached to the knee; were it shorter, it would not be sufficiently warm. For afternoon visits the manteiet-visite in black broche silk or in gros de Naples, trimmed with a wide band of beaver, headed with a row of rich fringe simulating a second mantle, will be adopted. These manteiets always look graceful over a dressy toilette, and harmonize well with the Directoire bonnets worn on similar occasions; but they are inappropriate over the short plain costumes generally seen in the morning and traveling, and over which the casaquin is in infinitely better taste.

There are also small manteiet-pelerines made of light-colored velvet. These manteiets cover the shoulders, open slightly as a shawl in front, and terminate with pointed ends. They are made generally in carombier, myrtle-green, admiral blue, and golden-brown velvet, and, instead of fringe, they are edged with rich lace, sewn on without any fulness; either Venetian, Argentan, or Russian lace, embroidered with silk the same color as the velvet, is used.

Among the latest novelties is the following model in bonnets: One is a small bonnet of plain black velvet, with a closely fitting brim, edged with narrow gold braid. The brim rests on the head, and the only trimming is a band of peacocks' feathers round the crown and a small plume of three black feather tips on the right side; the strings are of black satin ribbon. Two models of large shape are also noticeable; one of these has the wide brim, open in front and flat at the sides, of gold-colored antique satin, and the low round crown of brown satin, a band of brown satin ribbon surrounds the crown, and is finished off with a little bow on one side; the strings are of old gold colored satin ribbon, a plume of feathers falling partly over the crown, is in old gold-color and shades of garnet. Another large model is of currant-colored velvet, the brim very like that of the last model but turned up a little at the back and bordered with a triple piping of old gold-colored satin. The strings are of red satin ribbon, and similar ribbon is doubled and put quite flat round the crown; one long feather to match ornaments the front and side, and a second falls over the back of the chapeau.

A new hat for a young lady is the Robinson, made of brown beaver felt. The crown is high and flat at the top, which is ornamented with a group of falling loops of ribbon; a narrow border of brown feathers edges the brim, and a handsome brown feather is fastened in at the top, under the loops of ribbon and falls over the left side and back of the brim. In front of this feather a bird rests on the brim.

Fireside Chat.

THE preparation of pickles and sauces for winter use fills as important a part of one's storeroom as fruit preserves. I think the following suggestions on the subject will prove very reliable, and will please the "Fireside Chat" readers:

Pickled Cucumbers.—One hundred small cucumbers fresh from the vines; wash the sand from them and wipe them dry, put them in a large stone jar; put on the top of them a pint of salt and a piece of alum the size of a nutmeg, and cover them with boiling water; tie thick paper over the jar or place on it a close-fitting lid, and let it stand twenty-four hours; take out the cucumbers, wipe them dry, place them in a clean dry jar, in layers alternately with the following spices: One tablespoonful of mustard seed, one of whole allspice, one root of horseradish grated or cut in thin strips, a few small red peppers, and pour over them sufficient vinegar to fill the jars, which must only be two thirds full of cucumbers. When cold, cover them closely; they will keep for years. Pour the vinegar over the pickles boiling hot.

A Chow-chow of Pickles.—One gallon of vinegar, half a pound of English mustard, a quarter of a pound of powdered ginger, the same of white pepper, a quarter of a pound of curry powder, and two ounces of turmeric; two heads of cauliflower, fifty small-sized cucumbers, one quart of nasturtiums, one quart of very young string beans, one quart of little white button-onions; separate the cauliflower into little sprigs, pour boiling water over it; in another vessel scald the onions in the same way, let them stand until cool, then drain the water off, and sprinkle over them half a pint of salt, and let them lie until next day. Wash the cucumbers to remove the sand, wipe them dry, and put them in a jar; put on top of them half a pint of salt and a piece of alum the size of half a nutmeg; cover them with boiling water, and let them stand twenty four hours; then take them out, wipe them dry, and they are ready to add to the other articles. Take enough of the vinegar to mix the spices to a paste; mix the mustard separately, stir all but the mustard into the vinegar, put it over the fire and bring it to a boil, stirring all the time; then put all the pickles into the vinegar, give a boil up, take them from the fire, stir in the mustard, let all stand uncovered for twelve hours, then bottle and cork tightly.

Indian Mangoes.—Take small, smooth-skinned green canteloupes, not larger than a turkey-egg or an orange, cut a round piece out of one side, scoop out all the seeds, reserve the piece you cut out for a lid, parboil the melons in a brine that will bear an egg, until a little tender, dry them, fill them with very finely chopped white cabbage seasoned with mustard seed, pepper, salt, and grated horseradish; put on the cover, tie them round with soft cord, and put them in vinegar with exactly the same spices as for chow-chow; pour it over them boiling hot. These will keep for years.

Mixed Pickles.—Chop a gallon of green tomatoes, sprinkle over them half a pint of salt, and let them stand all night. In the morning drain off the water, and add to them six onions sliced, six peppers chopped, cabbage cut coarsely and then chopped (half a head of cabbage), half a pint of grated horseradish, the same of mustard-seed, one tablespoonful of ground cloves, one of black pepper, two of dry mustard. Mix all well together, pack in jars three parts full, and fill up with good cider-vinegar.

To Pickle Onions.—Take the small round white onions, peel off their skins, throw them in a kettle of boiling water over the fire, put in at a time as many as will cover the top. As soon as they look clear, take them out with a perforated skimmer, and lay them on a soft towel folded double. When all are done and quite dry, put them into jars. Put vinegar sufficient for your onions over the fire with the following spices: one ounce of horseradish, the same of allspice whole, same of whole black pepper, the same of salt to every quart of vinegar; let it come to a boil, and pour hot over the onions. Fill the jars only three parts full of onions.

Higdon.—Slice and chop four quarts of green tomatoes and six onions, add one teacup of fine salt, and let them lie all night. In the morning remove the onions and squeeze the tomatoes through a cloth strainer. Chop eight green peppers and add to the mixture four tablespoons of white mustard-seed, two tablespoons of ground cloves, two of allspice and a dessert spoon of ground mustard. Scald two quarts of vinegar and pour over hot.

Bordeaux Sauce.—Two gallons of chopped cabbage, one of green tomatoes sliced, one dozen onions sliced, one ounce of tumeric, one ounce of whole allspice, the same of whole cloves, the same of ground ginger, half a pound of white mustard-seed, a gill and three-quarters of salt, one and three quarter pounds of sugar, and a gallon of vinegar. Boil all together half an hour.

Pickled Tomatoes.—Take the little pear-shaped or round red tomatoes, wash them and wipe them very dry; put them in glass jars that can be made air tight; to a quart of tomatoes put half a dozen blades of mace, a teaspoonful of whole cloves, the same of allspice, and a few little red peppers cut in rings; fill the jars three parts full of the tomatoes, and fill up with good cider vinegar, cold. Set them in a cool dark place, and in three weeks they are ready for use. Use no salt. This pickle is very nice for flavoring ragouts, hashes, &c., &c.

Green Tomato Pickle.—A peck of green tomatoes, three dozen small white onions; slice them, and put them in separate jars, sprinkling each layer profusely with salt; let them stand until next day, then drain off the liquid, which is not to be used. Take one ounce of whole cloves, one ounce of allspice, one ounce and a half of black pepper, one ounce of yellow mustard seed; put in a large kettle a layer of tomatoes and onions; sprinkle them with the spices, then put another layer of tomatoes and onions, more spices, and so on until all are in the kettle. Cover it with good cider vinegar; mix in a paste a quarter of a pound of English mustard with a little vinegar, thin it, and pour over the tomatoes, &c.; stir it thoroughly through them, set the kettle on the back of the range, and let all simmer together for half an hour; then put in jars. When cold, cover closely.

Nasturtiums.—Drop them as you gather them into a jar of vinegar; put a spoonful of salt in after the jar is filled.

Celery Soy.—One peck of tomatoes chopped and cooked until soft; then add a teacup of salt, half a one of white pepper, a teaspoonful of cayenne pepper, four onions chopped fine, half a pound of good brown sugar. Boil one hour, add a quart of sharp cider vinegar, boil up again; set it aside. When cold, add half a cup of celery seed crushed, and two tablespoons of ground cloves and allspice. Let it stand all night, press through a sieve, bottle and seal.

Chili Sauce.—Twelve large tomatoes, five peppers, two large onions, one pint vinegar, two tablespoonsful salt, four tablespoonsful of ground cloves, two tablespoonsful of nutmeg, two teaspoonsful ginger. All the spices are ground. Chop the onions, tomatoes and peppers very fine, and add the spices and simmer slowly two hours.

Japanese Crepe Pictures.—In answer to inquirers for utilizing these popular pictures I would suggest the following: Intermingled with squares of crochet or guipure they form, besides antimacassars, long and fire place curtains, quilts, and even quaint tea aprons, edged with yak lace. Employed singly they make various saleable trifles for a bazaar, such as sachets, blotting cases, square flower boxes, hand screens, in a black bamboo frame. In the shape of a table cover they offer a good way of turning to account scraps of plain silk, joined together by an insertion of guipure or Swedish lace; the crepe squares are surrounded by silk battlements, each of a different color, and stitched with contrasting shade, or edged with a tiny lace. But nowhere is their full effect shown as well as when artistically dispersed on a dark grounded screen, or as a wall decoration. I have lately seen a room decorated in this way, the dado consisted of matting, and was surmounted by a border of these squares, divided by wide strips of Turkey red braid, and enclosed its whole length by a rustic bamboo frame. On the dark brown paper a brilliant frieze was devised, by a close set row of the familiar palm shaped fans, placed slantwise.

For engagement rings, solitaires are now preferred to clusters.

Answers to Inquirers.

FIFFIE, (Orleans, N. Y.)—You may improve your voice by practicing daily.

W. K. K. (Erie, Pa.)—Please explain what you would like to know more fully and plainly.

E. E. (St. Louis, Mo.)—A balloon might ascend four miles, but human beings could not live at such an altitude.

AMY M. (Philadelphia, Pa.)—Anyone connected with a theatre will doubtless answer all your questions readily.

J. LEWIS, (Sachem, Tenn.)—Prepared charcoal will both clean and preserve the teeth; it is, moreover, a safe dentifrice.

RAILROAD (Salem, N. J.)—We believe the Pennsylvania Railroad is the largest corporation in the United States.

O. F. (Mercer, W. Va.)—Pluck up the necessary courage to propose to the young lady, by all means, and learn your fate at once.

L. C. A. (Sherwood, Mich.)—The machine is of the elastic-stitch kind. 2. You can get them playing that number of tunes for about twenty dollars or even less.

ESQUIMAUX, (Chicago, Ill.)—Any good ordinary dictionary will give you all the information you need as to the meaning and pronunciation of the list of words sent.

M. G. (Philadelphia, Pa.)—It is an idle and ridiculous superstition that the acceptance of a pen-knife is ominous of ill-luck because it is supposed to "cut love."

K. F. (Shawasee, Mich.)—It was not until the sixteenth century that the present mode of coating the backs of mirrors with quicksilver and tinfoil was introduced.

J. H. (Newport, Pa.)—The verses are by B. F. Taylor, a well-known Western writer, and their title is "The River of Years." They were reprinted in the Post some time since.

FACT, (Union, Ga.)—The description would occupy more space than we can spare. 2. Mix freely in society, read well-written books, and pay attention to the conversation of intelligent persons.

R. W. (Germantown, Pa.)—You ought to let the girl alone until she comes to the conclusion that she can run the risk of loving you better than anyone else whom she will be likely to see after her marriage to you.

MAGGIE M. (Mahaska, Ia.)—Involuntary blushing in most instances comes from nervousness. Small doses of quinine will do you good. When you feel the flush arising, try and fix your mind on other matters for a few moments.

H. G. (Wabash, Ill.)—It is of course a sad thing for a man to discover that "the girl he left behind him" has proven false to her vows of love and faithfulness; but, after all, there is some consolation to be derived from the fact that the discovery of her treachery was made in time.

J. A. M. (Clearcreek, Tenn.)—The firm may be reliable, but under the circumstances the best plan is to have nothing to do with them. It is against our rules to publish the names of business-houses in this department. Send an addressed postal card and we will give you the required information.

L. O. (Chelsea, Mass.)—A step-father has all the moral control of a parent over the step-children who are living with him and dependent upon him; and he therefore actually possesses more power than their own mother with regards to them. His will must be paramount, and they owe him their obedience.

HOPE, (Caldwell, Ky.)—The bridal toilette depends so entirely upon the position and means of the bride's family, that it is quite impossible to answer the question of "what a bride looks best in" without knowing something of the above-mentioned particulars. Her own taste, however, should be the principal guide.

H. B. C. (Philadelphia, Pa.)—Eggs boiled soft are more nutritious than raw eggs; but if a person could really eat raw meat it would prove more nutritious than cooked meat, because a portion of the goodness, or richness of the meat goes out of it through the process of cooking. Thus the more meat is cooked, the less nutritious it becomes.

P. S. (Noble, O.)—Never condole to gossips any of the failings or imperfections of your husband, nor any of those little differences that occasionally arise in the married state. If you do, you may rest assured that, however strong the injunction of secrecy on the one hand, or the pledge of it on the other, they will in a day or two become the common talk of the neighborhood.

S. S. (Marshall, Ala.)—We do not know as to the age that a man should marry at, that depends entirely on circumstances; but, as a general rule, men need not hesitate to marry at twenty one if they have the requisite pecuniary means. If a young gentleman cannot obtain an introduction to a young lady by the aid of some mutual friend, it is impossible for us to advise him how to proceed.

PAULINE, (Forsythe, N. Y.)—Both dark eyes and blue ones are capable of expressing intellect, and where the features correspond there is not much to choose between them. Dark, very dark blue is perhaps most suitable for a decidedly dark person. The clipping of the eyelashes will make them grow stronger, but it must not be done too frequently. Your handwriting appears to need considerable improvement.

PEDES, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—Before starting on a long walk, well soak the inside of the socks, making in fact, a lather, then draw on the feet. Fine worsted or wool socks are preferable to cotton. Change the socks when necessary on the journey, or turn those you wear inside out, and put them on again. If a blister has formed, pour a little spirit into the palm of the hand, drop into it melted tallow, and rub the mixture over the blister at night, and it will be well in the morning.

O. S. (Grant Mine.)—It is not an easy thing to give a "perfectly clear definition" of anything, unless he to whom it is given be a person of intelligence. Property, or "the right of property," may be defined to be absolute dominion as to the thing possessed. But this does not carry with it the right to use one's own property in limited by the restriction that he must so use it as not to interfere with anybody else's rights. If a man has gun, for example, he cannot use it or fire it, "just as he pleases," without regard to the right of others as to their own personal safety and their immunity from personal injury. And so it is with regard to the use of all property, or any property.

B. T. (Somerset, Pa.)—Marriage makes homes happy. Without marriage there is no home, no real home, no true home, a house, as the Frenchman says, but nothing more. Marriage brings with it all that elevates and refines, all that satisfies and delights; the commonest details of our ordinary occupation it clothes with a verdure of enchanting loveliness and imperishable beauty. Marriage enlarges the scope of our happiness and miseries. A marriage of love is pleasant; a marriage of interest easy; and a marriage where both meet happy. A marriage has in it all the pleasures of friendship; all the enjoyments of sense and reason, and, indeed all the sweets of life. Nothing is a greater mark of a degenerate and vicious age than the common ridicule which passes on this state of life.

R. B. (Philadelphia, Pa.)—Jane Shore, the celebrated mistress of Edward IV. King of England, and the subject of the play, was the wife of Mathew Shore, a goldsmith in Lombard street, London. She is represented as extremely beautiful, cheerful and very generous. She never used her great influence over the King to the prejudice of anyone, but in favor of the unfortunate. After his death, she attached herself to Lord Hastings; and when he was executed by Richard III., Jane Shore was also arrested on the accusation of witchcraft; however, he was only condemned to a public penance, and the loss of her property. Sir Thomas More saw her in the reign of Henry VIII. poor, old and shrivelled, without the least trace of her former beauty. The popular tradition about her dying of hunger in a ditch is untrue.

J. J. (Fremont, N. H.)—The adoption, or, as you call it, the "distributing" of surnames, was not a matter of system, or even of design. It was a matter of growth and development. When the Johns of a neighborhood became too numerous for ready reference, one would be called John the Smith, John the Shoemaker, another John the Tailor, and so on, according to each one's occupation. After a while the "the" would be dropped, and so it would be John Smith, John Shoemaker, etc.; and the next course would be taken with the Jameses, the Josephs, and all the rest. The sons of these proper names would at first be called John's son, James's son, William's son, etc.; and these applications would soon wear down into Johnson, Smithson, Jamesson, Petersen, and Williamson.